

Adam

VOL. 11 NO. 12

75¢
AADC
ADULT READING

the man's home companion!

OUR TOPLESS HERITAGE
WINS A COURT DECISION

SEX MAY NOT
BE FOREVER

HOW CHINA'S PROSTITUTES
ROCKED THE BOAT



Place your bets on Leslie Sharp,
ADAM's vamp centerspread
with a winning way . . . see
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Add another dimension to your viewing pleasure — turn the page

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This nymphet named Lolita outgrew the book to become dazzlingly

Three-Dimensional



A FEW YEARS AGO she was the tomboy next door straddling the backyard fence and teasing hell out of your piece of mind with her long legs and budding breasts just emerging into their own.

Look at her now! Lolita Arquette has mushroomed into a 3-D 36-24-36 without any difficulty or outside help. In fact, the difficulty has been mostly ours, for it has required considerable adjusting to put up with this nymphet grown bold.









Used to be, in the early days, that you didn't mind playing house with a Lolita when there was nothing else to do and your parents were away. But then you expanded into **post office** and taught each other all the newest dance steps, the newest jokes and songs. Then she went away—or you did—the warm memory of that girl next door just waiting to flair up. Running into Lolita now, any Lolita five years later, has greater therapeutic value.

Something else that's simply great about this kid grown to size is her laziness. Lolita is openly and shamelessly lazy, so when she's through with her swim she comes in and throws herself all over her gigantic bed, pouting prettily if you don't get the point. What is the point? That a life of leisure is the only way to go. ☺

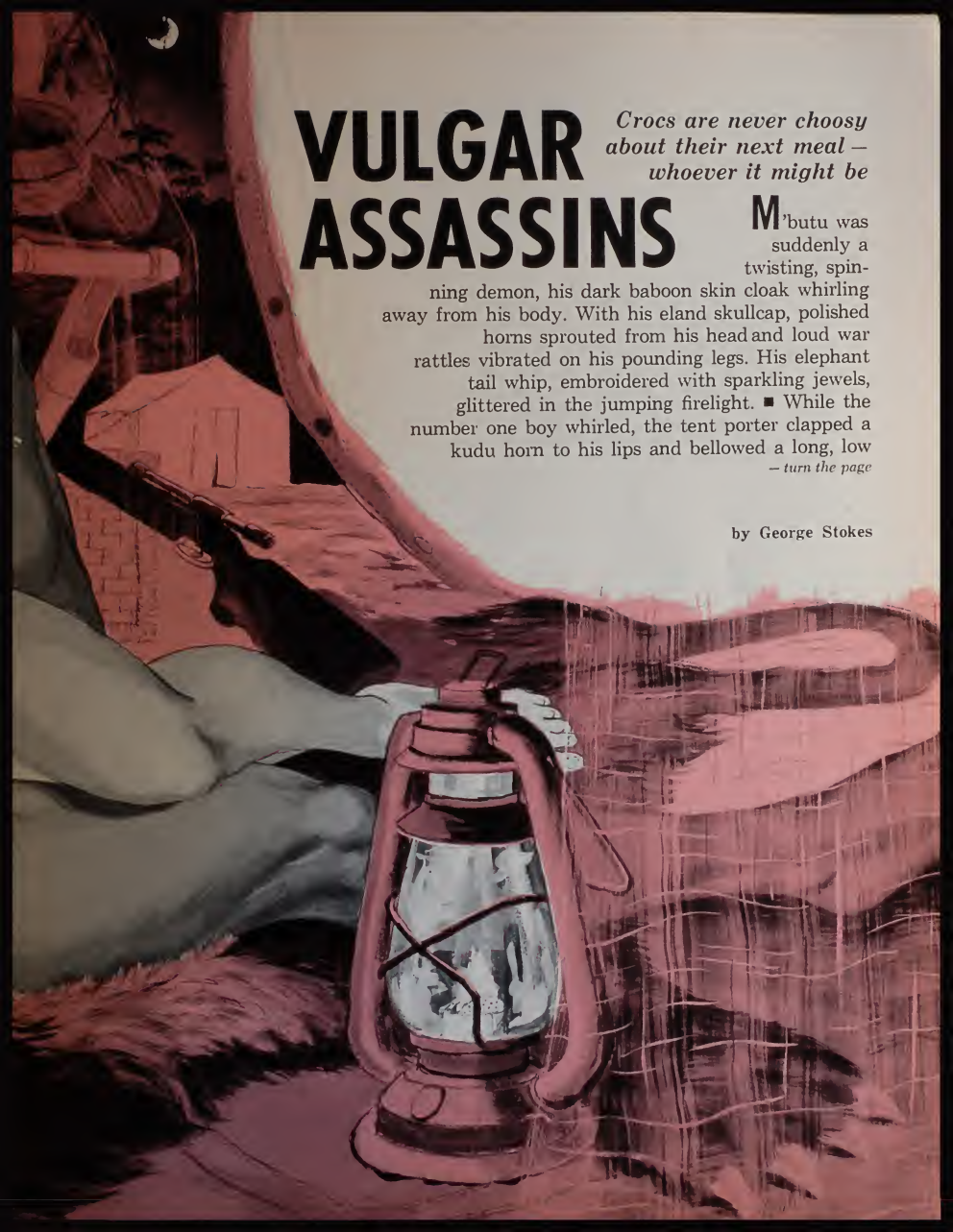


Lolita's easy to take
but she's hard to leave. Aren't all
Lolitas?









VULGAR ASSASSINS

*Crocs are never choosy
about their next meal —
whoever it might be*

M'butu was suddenly a twisting, spin-

ning demon, his dark baboon skin cloak whirling away from his body. With his eland skullcap, polished horns sprouted from his head and loud war rattles vibrated on his pounding legs. His elephant tail whip, embroidered with sparkling jewels, glittered in the jumping firelight. ■ While the number one boy whirled, the tent porter clapped a kudu horn to his lips and bellowed a long, low

— turn the page

by George Stokes

blast and rose from a crouch to let the flickering shadows flash across his glistening ebony body. Another chap, the native cook, draped his head and shoulders with a leopard skin war-gown and shrieked the *Masai* war cry as he leaped, dancing with the others around the fire.

The chanting clamor grew, the dancers leaped higher, the native drums beat a piercing staccato. Evil spirits were everywhere. Suddenly the horned witch doctor skidded to a halt; every sound in the camp abruptly ceased. He threw back his head, blew a final unnerving shriek on his crocodile bone war whistle and banished the devil to his home in hell.

The *kush-kush* was ended. The evil spirit of the hideous crocodile was appeased. Filming of the river monster would now be successful, at least according to the number one boy—alias witch doctor, and the cook and tent porter.

The safari ritual over, Harry Ryan turned his gaze to the beautiful screen-star beside him: Lorre Holland, current sex goddess of the silver screen, star of the newest horror movie, "Jungle Terror," and wife of film mogul Alan Cordova.

Ryan watched her as she sat enchanted by the flashing campfire and the dancers dancing away the evil spirits of the river. Ryan could see the perfect silhouette he had grown to love—the turned-up nose, peevishly wrinkled with the full blossom of life, blonde hair flowing to her back, molded shoulders supporting jutting breasts that had so often in the past weeks provided soft warmth which had become a part of him.

She turned her face, as if feeling his gaze, and he could see the pointed molding of her breasts as they strained against the confines of the cotton blouse, threatening to burst the flimsy fabric. She smiled, flashed two rows of capped enamel and let her tongue slowly wet her lips.

Ryan flicked his eyes toward the tents, enough was enough, then stood and slowly strolled through the bug laden air; the biting, stinging *tsetse* flies and mosquitos were a constant plague. He zipped the mosquito netting behind him, lit a kerosene lantern and flopped on the camp cot, cradling the back of his head with locked fingers.

The intense humid heat was sweltering, unbearable; his body steamed, sticky with sweat, and even when he stripped to his T-shirt and shorts there was no relief. It was cooler outside, but without the fire the flying and

walking bugs could commit bloody carnage within minutes.

Abruptly Lorre Holland (or Lorre Cordova—the stigma of her married name he could not deny, unfortunately) appeared at the transparent tent entrance. "Harry, let me in! The bugs are carrying me away." Her voice contained an anxious tone, expressing more than just frustration from the hungry insects.

Ryan rolled off the cot and slid the zipper to the ground, then quickly raised it after she stepped through the narrow slit. She was still dressed in the khaki jungle capris and yellow shirt. "Alan know you're here, Lorre?" he said, his voice understanding, but laced with tones impatient with the knowledge of a torrid love affair that could only end in frustration. "You know what he'll do if he finds you here. I don't think I can take it if he raises that leather thong to you again."

"Don't worry about him. He's up river dickering about camera cues for tomorrow's filming. Probably gone most of the night, thank God."

Ryan could almost picture Alan Cordova badgering the natives into a deal. Dominating, suffocating, overpowering Alex. He never saw the bad end of a deal in his life. It certainly wouldn't start now—not with the easygoing natives. Ryan's thoughts of hate and disgust were obvious on his face.

Lorre sat on the camp cot, picked up a 16mm camera and sighted through it at Ryan's face. He heard the clicking of the shutters as she squeezed the trigger, then released it. "You want to be free of him, too, don't you, Harry? Like me?"

He didn't answer, but sat next to her, close enough to feel her musky warmth, even in the soggy air. He could smell the clean animal scent of womanflesh beside him, and his palms began to itch. The outline of her white bra was visible beneath the thin material, and he raised an anxious palm to cup the quivering mound of soft flesh.

Ryan's breath was beginning to come in short gasps and he circled her shoulders with his free arm, trying to pull her around into an intimate embrace. But she resisted and twisted her head away, blonde curls swinging around her shoulders.

"Alan tried to kill me today," she said facing the open tent flap. "He doesn't think I know, but it couldn't have been anything else. Waiting so long while that croc was coming for me." She shuddered as she spoke and Ryan, his hand still resting against her bosom, could feel the tremble come

from way down inside her. "If you hadn't fired when you did—ugh! It's too awful to even think about."

"He could have been just trying to extend the horror of the scene until the last moment," he said, passing over her obvious line of thought. He tried to pacify her with his arms, draw her around to him.

"He's trying to make it look like an accident." Her voice was sounding bitter, laced with the hatred she had expressed many times. "He's tired of me now, Harry, just like with the others. Of course there's also the million dollar insurance policy on me—because of the picture. What happened today was no oversight, believe me. I know."

Lorre was looking into his eyes, pleading, waiting for the suggestion she'd tried to winnow from him since she'd entered the tent. He remembered the incident earlier that day, it had seemed a bit odd.

Cordova had forced her into the muddy river, acting a bathing scene, waiting for the hungry crocodile he knew would come for her. "Don't shoot, Ryan," he'd said, hefting his rifle. "I'm going to let it get closer. We don't want to have to re-shoot this scene if we can help it. I'll pick him off when he's close enough."

Ryan waited as long as he'd dared, then shot the croc two inches behind that sardonic smile, paralyzing it instantly when the bullet shattered the spine. It had still taken a brain shot under the eye lobe to kill it. Cordova's only comment had been the icy remark: "Lucky shot, but I would have gotten it myself." Ryan had dismissed the incident at the time as over-devotion to the picture.

Lorre had turned toward him with her whole body, caressing his cheek with the side of her face, and he could feel the smooth electric touch sending a sensation down through his body, her perfectly formed breasts plastered solidly against his chest.

"I'm scared, Harry. What shall I do? I have to go back into that river tomorrow." Her voice was a whimper, expressing complete dependence.

"Don't worry, honey," he said reassuringly. "I won't let anything happen to you, not while I'm around."

"Thanks, that makes me feel a little better. But what if he had an accident first?"

Ryan had been fondling her breast again, and his hand froze when she spoke. He pulled away slightly, looking into her deep dark eyes. They looked cold and determined, lacking their usual tenderness.

But the suggestion did not surprise

him. He had toyed with the idea of killing himself, the thought of actually killing Alan Cordova, but it had been only a thought. And now with her in his arms, it almost seemed worth it.

She smiled again and her voice was saccharine slick, almost begging. "It could be so good for us. Just you and me. We could do whatever you want, travel, settle down in some exotic place, go back to Hollywood. Whatever you want."

Ryan smiled at the thought—being alone with only her—a thought that had consumed too many of his semi-

fabric, finally loosened it, reached beneath to cup the naked flesh with his palms and feel the nipples shrivel and harden beneath his touch.

"What about it, Harry? You and me."

He released the firm mounds of erotic flesh, slipped the cotton off her shoulders and let it fall to the tent floor. His voice was hesitant. "I don't know. Murder. Loving a man's wife is one thing—but murder!"

She pulled away, shrugged her shoulders and let the white bra slide down her arms and flipped it with her

He pushed the remaining clothing, capris and panties together over the full hips, sliding them to the floor about her ankles, and sat back to watch her step out of them. As always, her body was the most beautiful piece of construction he'd ever seen.

Finally released of the last vesture, she came into his arms, her body pressing furiously against his, her hot tongue fighting its way into his mouth. He slid his hands down her back to grip the full buttocks and press her more firmly against him. As he caressed her body she moaned deep in her throat, from way down inside, like an animal with an inert craving that had to be fulfilled.

Releasing her mouth for a moment, he stripped off his shirt, then felt the cool, smoothness of the soft naked skin against his chest. He put his hand back on her breast, letting his palm ride over the hard nipple. She let him push her back onto the cot where she lay, her legs slightly spread, her bosom rising and falling with each heaving breath.

Ryan quickly worked at his own clothes, keeping his eyes on the nymph before him. His shorts quickly followed his T-shirt, and he pulled her onto a lion skin rug in the middle of the tent floor. He took one last look at her lying with the thick fur outlining her white body, legs spread to accept him, then snuffed out the lantern on the stand and slipped between her moist loins.

Above the smack of bare flesh thrusting against bare flesh, the only sound was the distant laughing howl of a foraging hyena and the shrieks of exotic jungle birds as they cried from their perches in the ruthless surroundings.

As they worked together, her body grew tense as the effects of the orgasm began to roll over her, and a muted cry issued from her throat.

Ryan felt himself joining her and their bodies exploded as powerful tidal waves of rapture washed over them together, and they lay exhausted against the plush animal fur. It was the same feeling of ecstasy timelessly fulfilled, caught and held briefly before it flees into the past and treasured remembrance. With Lorre it was always the same—better than it had ever been.

Ryan was abruptly shaken from his erotic trance as he heard the sound of a jeep skid into camp, and he felt Lorre's arms tighten with sudden intense fear. Alan was a ruthless man, cruel, tortuous with his actions

—turn to page 44



"First you cut off my visiting privileges . . . then, you cut off my cigarette rations . . . now, what?"

conscious twilight hours. I could have her beauty to myself, forever with a gorgeous creature the whole world longs for. Mine. Only mine.

"We could be partners," she said, speaking again. "Get married if you like, or not, but we'd have everything . . . in bed . . . and out." She was whispering in his ear, clutching him tightly.

Ryan slipped his hand between them and began unbuttoning the front of her thin blouse. He jerked it free of the capris and reached behind to fumble with the bra hooks. He was thinking as his hand worked the

fingers to where her blouse lay.

"I've got to think. I need time." He shook his head a little in mock refusal. "Murder . . ."

She slowly let her hand slide to the side of her capris, pushed the zipper down and stood in front of him, waiting for him to finish the job of disrobing her, as he always had. Her eyes closed, her hands rising to cradle her breasts, pushing the shriveled pink nipples to that point of perfection, urging him on with the flaming desires of her body.

"Hurry darling," she said. "Hurry. I can't wait."





*Prostitution was an accepted pastime for pleasure-loving Chinese
of the last century*

The walls around the city of Canton marked the end of the city proper, but beyond those walls were floating suburbs distinguished by their superior and festive decorations. Moored in conspicuous locations along the Pearl River were "Flower Boats," the floating brothels of nineteenth-century China. ■ A view from the bank showed the flower boats to be much like gigantic Venetian gondolas. Their length ranged from 60 to 80 feet and they were about 15 feet at their widest point. They sat side by side in the middle of the river. ■ A small sampan would carry a visitor to the middle of the stream where he would board one
— turn the page

THE FLOWER BOAT GIRLS

by Eugene Bradley

of these brothel junks featuring women "who lead a life of reckless extravagance, plunging into all the excitements which are offered by their mode of life . . ."

A platform at the rear of the boat is made in such a manner as to enable him to board quite easily. He enters a cabin in the elevated aft, a sort of ante-chamber separated from the main saloon. To the right and left near the entry are two couches for the use of opium smokers.

The floor of the main saloon is covered with rich carpets; European lamps heavily covered with pendant crystal drops are suspended from the ceiling. The furniture is of rosewood and ebony inlaid with marble. A visitor familiar with the flower boats knows that the panels at the far end of the saloon hide another room. Above the entrance is an ornately carved frontage, richly gilded. Much of the woodwork is ornamented with brilliantly lacquered colors. Behind the panels is a bedchamber, completely hidden from view, with windows that can be closed by curtains and shutters.

The entire boat can be hired for the evening. For a small amount the owner supplies the lighting, the supper, and as many girls as there are guests. He also brings musicians to entertain the guests with song and conversation.

As in Europe, luxurious divans, sofas, mirrors and paintings fill the rooms. The girls do not live on the boat, but are sent to the saloon to receive the guests at the proper hour. To the uninitiated the flower boat girls are hardly to be distinguished from the reserved ladies of high

standing, to the knowledgeable they show a certain lack of restraint in their manners and dress.

At about nine o'clock in the evening the dinner is served and the guests all take their seats around a large round table, each one with a girl at his side. In the Chinese fashion a repast of bird's nest soup, tripping, preserved ginger and ginseng, along with other strongly spiced dishes, is served.

In the background are the distant sounds of Chinese music, for the performers play in another room. The sensuous music lingers in the air, giving one erotic thoughts. The girls are tender and flattering in their coquetry. As the entertainment comes to a close (at about 11 o'clock) each couple goes away separately to little boats, built on the same model as the big one, where they spend the night.

The flower boats are usually congregated in groups, under the auspices of a man who is answerable for the conduct or for the violation of public peace or decency on the part of a "singsong girl." Since Chinese make a public display of their visits to the floating brothels, the establishments themselves can hardly be considered offensive. Persons can pass to and from the flower boats without any attempt at concealment, retain as many women as desired, and pass the time "in the low pleasures of the laparar."

But the flower boats were not the only form of prostitution in China. An incident revealed in Doctor W. W. Sanger's *History of Prostitution*, published in 1897, tells of a young widow who resided with her

mother-in-law. Both of the women were being supported by the prostitution of the widow. But, "Her charms failed, she was deserted by her visitors, and starvation seemed inevitable. The old woman would not recognize her daughter's inability to support her, and flogged her. The prostitute, in attempting self-defense, killed her mother. She was convicted of the crime, but, as the victim had acted illegally in endeavoring to force her into prostitution, the sentence of the court, which had ordered her to be hewn to pieces, was commuted to decapitation."

Another type of prostitution was unveiled in *Untrodden Fields of Anthropology*, by Dr. Jacobus X, in his description of the Annamite or Gao-Chi "bamboo." (An aboriginal race from the area which is now Vietnam.)

"We will use the name 'bamboo' which the soldiers have given it. Here there is no luxury; a hut open to all comers, the 'hurdle,' and upon it a cloth, some stools, and a few lamps giving out a fetid odour of cocoa-nut oil.

"In such a place you would expect to meet with only old prostitutes, but it is quite the contrary. You often find girls hardly yet nubile, of only sixteen or seventeen years, who have been sold by their parents or mistresses. The average age of the inmates is scarcely more than twenty years. The costume of these ladies is the Annamite costume of the lower classes; a cotton robe. But they always have a silver necklace and amber earrings, bought out of their first earnings."

When the girl first went to the bamboo, she knew nothing of the art of love nor did she know any French or English, but she quickly learned the few words necessary for her purposes. The bamboo girl was not attractive by European standards, though; her mouth was covered with a blood-red froth from betel chewing and her teeth were lacquered black. She had a terrible smell, a combination of "rancid cocoa-nut oil, sweat, and the filth of a dress which is never washed for fear of wearing it out. This smell chokes you, and damps even the strongest venereal desires . . ."

If her appearance and smell were not enough to repel the European soldier, she was almost certain to have the "flower" and she would give her adorers a good case of gonorrhea, which was difficult to cure in those days. Syphilis, too, was quite

Adam



"Look at it this way . . . Achilles had his heel . . .

Samson had his hair . . ."

common among the girls.

On the other hand the Chinese prostitute was far more appealing to the European. She washed herself every day, and her clothes were white or of a light color and always neat and clean. She did not chew betel, and her teeth were pretty and white. The Chinese brothel was cleaner than the Annamite "bamboo."

The Chinese "houses" were of two kinds: those on land and those on water. The "Flower Boats," of course, were richly decorated, but the establishments on land were equally sumptuous. Called *Tsing-lao* (blue houses), they were generally two stories high; the upper story was partitioned off into little rooms with a female occupant in each. As in the flower boats there was a large saloon filled with the richest furniture, paintings and decorations.

The windows of the blue houses were closed from the streets by venetian blinds which were painted blue. At about seven in the evening the blinds would be raised, the building would be lighted up, and music and singing would ring through the building.

But it was reported by the Europeans that the Chinese "singsong girl" had one immense fault—"her frigidity." The sex act was accomplished quite mechanically, a commercial act that brought her a piaster. Because of her elaborate hairdo, which was arranged for her once a month by her hairdresser, she would only "lie down and take you passively." Her enormous, conch-shell chignon, decorated with bows and ribbons and kept together with cosmetics and pomades, was her chief concern. She would lie down, place her head on a little table hollowed out in the middle and literally never let her hair down.

The flower boat girls, in the Chinese tradition, were brought up from childhood with the idea that they would someday be members of that profession. In nearly all cases they were children who had been stolen, bought from a poor family or furnished by the houses of ill fame. At the age of seven or eight they were taken to the flower boats where they were richly dressed and utilized to serve tea to the guests. Near the age of eleven they were taught to play the lute or guitar and to sing. When they reached the age of thirteen or fourteen, they would give up their virginity and after a period of time would belong to the staff of the establishment as regulars. The girls were

literally slaves and had no choice in the matter.

In the previously mentioned *History of Prostitution*, W. W. Sanger says: "... in 1832 there were from eight to ten thousand prostitutes in and near Canton, of whom the greater portion had been stolen while children, and regularly trained for this life. Many kidnappers gained a living by stealing young girls and selling them to the brothels, and in times of want parents have been known to lead their daughters through the streets and offer them for sale. A recent visitor to Canton describes the sale of children as an every-day affair, which is looked upon as a simple mercantile transaction. Some are reserved for concubines, but others are deliberately bartered to be brought up as prostitutes, and are transferred at once to the brothels."

The matrons of the flower boats had extreme authority over their girls. They could beat them and maltreat them with no fear of inquiry from officials. If on occasion a girl was killed in a beating, she was merely tossed into the river or buried in the sand without a coffin.

Usually the fate of the flower boat girl was that of most prostitutes. When the bloom of youth left a girl she would be sold to an inferior establishment, and as she got older, that place, too, would let her go. No longer belonging to a fixed establishment, she would walk the streets adorned with flowers, her face brightly painted.


Finally, when the girl grew too old to earn a living at her noble trade, when her body had been rav-

aged by horrible diseases, she would try to earn a living as a street needlewoman.

"Everywhere in Canton, these hideous creatures may be seen, often with an artificial nose made of paper and big spectacles, sitting at the street-corners, with a basket full of old clothes and rags at their side, ready for a few cents to mend the old garments of passing soldiers and coolies."

But occasionally a girl would find a happier fate. If she could save enough from her earnings to buy her freedom (at a heavy price), she might then become a *second wife* (concubine) to one of her adorners. Such cases were rare, though, for the girls hardly ever earned enough to put some away, and economy was usually not among their virtues.

But if she did save her money and found a husband: "In this case, her life is a most happy one, and if it happens that the legitimate wife (first wife) has no son, whereas she has one, her position becomes an honoured one, for then the husband often promotes her to the rank of legitimate spouse on the death of his first wife."

Of the eight to ten thousand girls plying the ancient trade, it is easy to imagine that only a handful found their way to some kind of human happiness. The rest were like so much chaff in the wind, a mute reminder of the misery out of which man is emerging slowly but surely. These girls were used as objects and discarded just as easily, whereas we have learned in this century that the rewards of sex are greater if we treat our partner as a human being with needs and wants of her own. 







Like the finest wine
in a crystal goblet she's of

VINTAGE QUALITY

WHEN THERE is so much to see in front of your eyes you sort of take the rest on credit and use your hindsight later. Like the man said, "Sometimes you gives a little, sometimes you takes a little, but most oftentimes, the devil gits the hind most."

The moral of the story being that it's not always what's up front that counts. As with the finest wine, you have to go to the basement for it.

However, right now our eyes are telling us that Anna Fontaine has managed to take her little ole 35-23-35 inches and shape them in her own very special,

**No, stupid! Those are not
the salt and pepper shakers!**

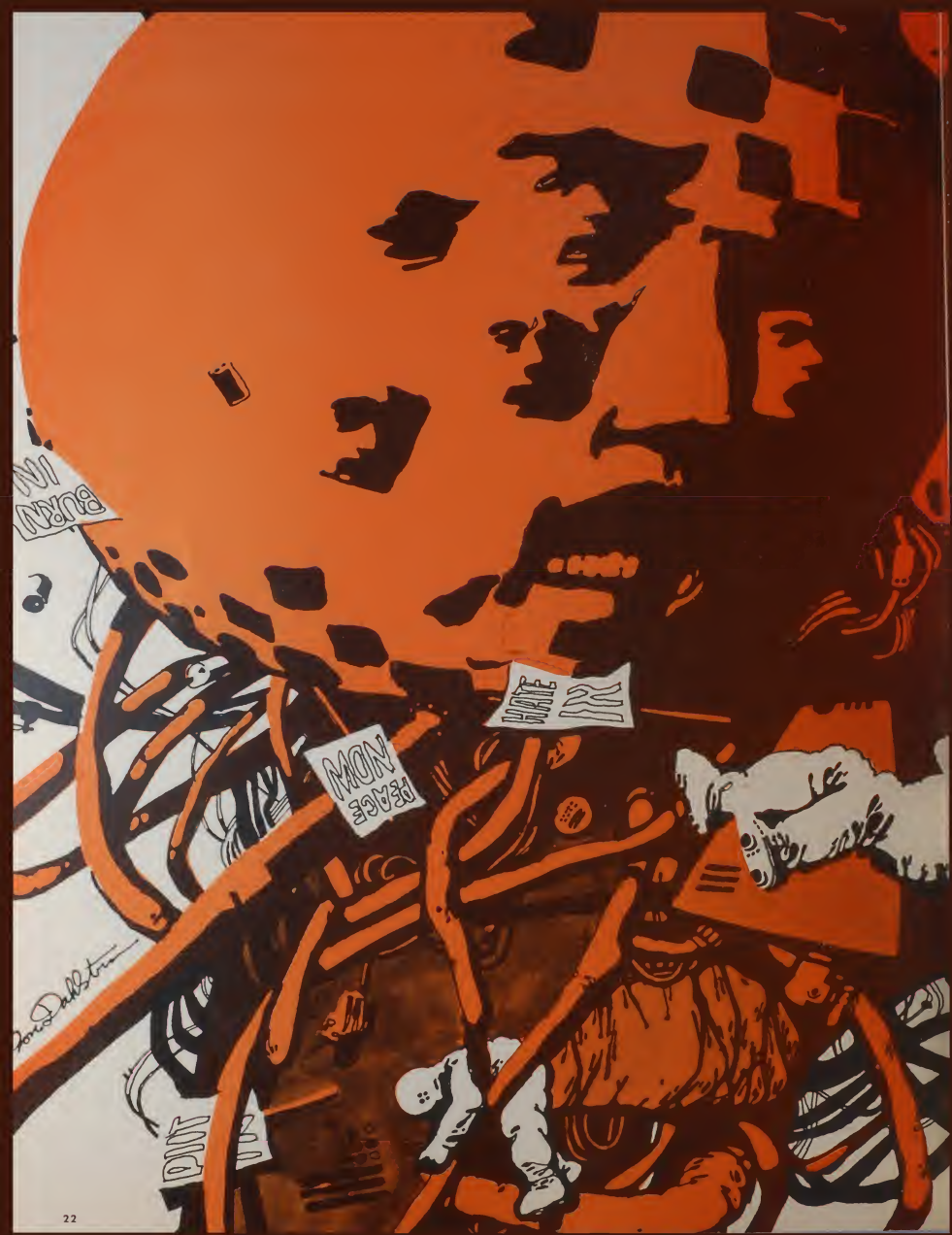
very delicate way — like she
was hand blown, if you get
the point.

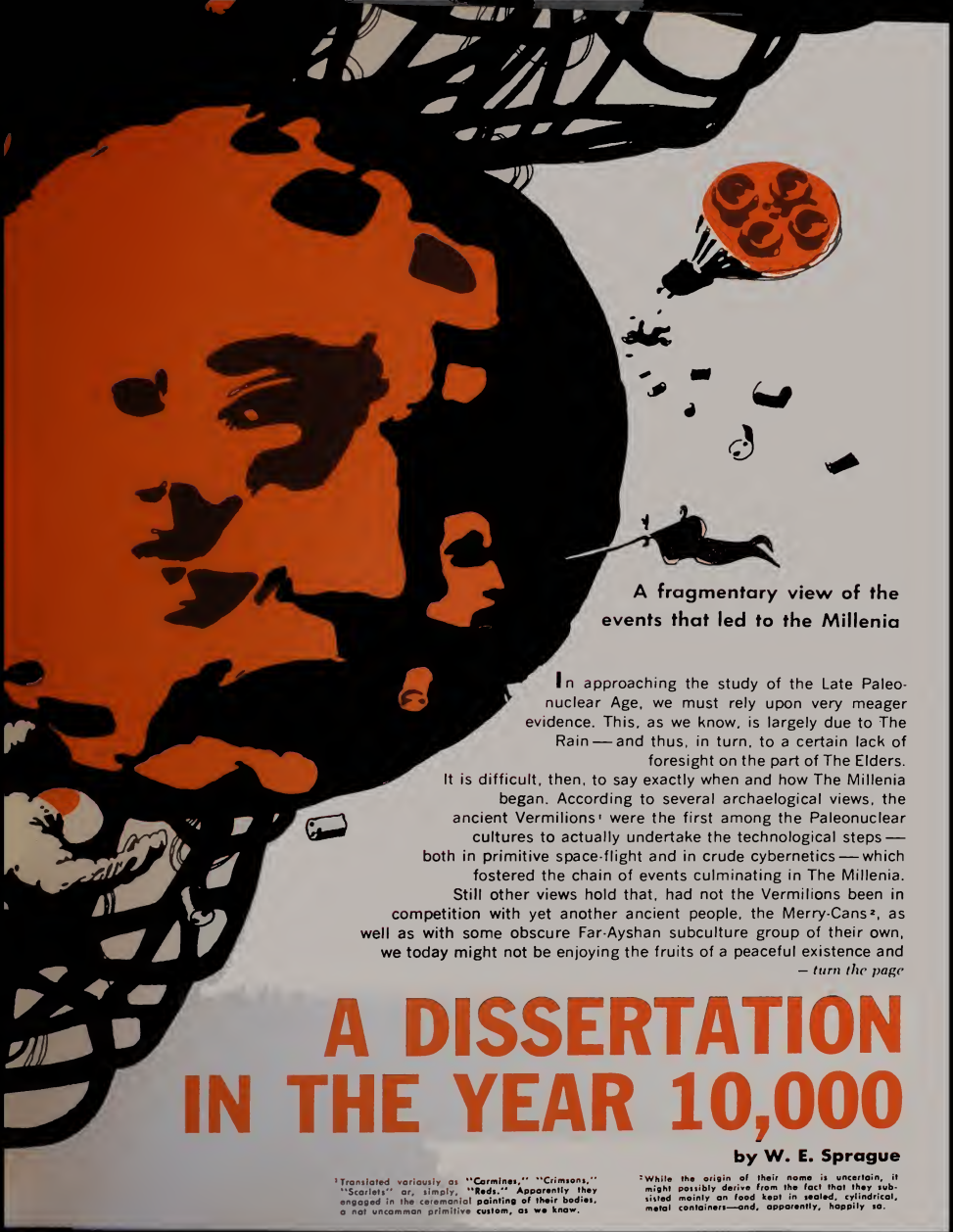
So why knock it? Whether
you have room in your life or
want Anna to put life in your
room, she is the perfect pick.
And if we haven't made our-
selves crystal clear, brother,
go see your optometrist.

Just remember, this
champagne bubble will make
any man see through a glass
darkly.









A fragmentary view of the
events that led to the Millenia

In approaching the study of the Late Paleonuclear Age, we must rely upon very meager evidence. This, as we know, is largely due to The Rain—and thus, in turn, to a certain lack of foresight on the part of The Elders.

It is difficult, then, to say exactly when and how The Millenia began. According to several archaeological views, the ancient Vermilions¹ were the first among the Paleonuclear cultures to actually undertake the technological steps—both in primitive space-flight and in crude cybernetics—which fostered the chain of events culminating in The Millenia.

Still other views hold that, had not the Vermilions been in competition with yet another ancient people, the Merry-Cans², as well as with some obscure Far-Ayshan subculture group of their own, we today might not be enjoying the fruits of a peaceful existence and

— turn the page

A DISSERTATION IN THE YEAR 10,000

by W. E. Sprague

¹Translated variously as "Carmines," "Crimsons," "Scarlets" or, simply, "Reds." Apparently they engaged in the ceremonial painting of their bodies, a not uncommon primitive custom, as we know.

²While the origin of their name is uncertain, it might possibly derive from the fact that they subsisted mainly on food kept in sealed, cylindrical, metal containers—and, apparently, happily so.

a united world. In either case, however, such archaeological views share the common contention that The Millenia was somehow merely the accidental outcome of a series of random happenings.

With this we must take issue. It is our firm conviction that The Millenia was *deliberately* brought about, that it was a goal long sought after by both the Vermilions and the Merry-Cans. And that, further, it was actually *predicted*, long before their time, in one of the ancient writings of their own cultural ancestors — a fact which we shall document in due course. Granted, there was much competition in their efforts, and a good deal of emotionalism and general confusion as well. But, in light of what data is available to us, we are forced to conclude that such was merely their customary manner of doing *everything*.

No, we must insist that, despite appearances, there was will and purpose behind the efforts of both these ancient peoples. The results of their efforts were just too predictable for things to have been otherwise. Truly, as we review the events of the Late Paleonuclear Age, we have only to consider the unflagging energy with which they exploited all their arts and sciences, and our contention, we believe, becomes self-evident.

Consider, for our first examples, two recent findings unearthed at the site of the Mah-zoo diggings. Both are fragments of letters, apparently part of an extensive correspondence file, pertaining to the invention of the very first Mobile-Entitty Analogical Computer. (Without which, of course, The Millenia could never have come to be!) The effects of heat and aging have destroyed the beginning and close of both missives, hence they are undated and unsigned. Radio-carbon tests, however, show them to have been written during the Late Paleonuclear Age, approximately five years, or so, prior to The Rain.

The first, obviously written by some high-ranking Vermilion chieftain, appears to be in reply to an earlier letter from one of the tribal artisans. We have taken the liberty of parenthetically inserting (*thus*) such translation notes, missing elements, and so forth, which seemed necessary. It reads:

"...ations (*nations?* *congratulations?*)! Your name will (*untranslatable*) in the annals of (*Vermilion?*) achievement, and the timeliness of your accomplishment will forever testify to the natural superiority of our way of (*untranslatable*)!

"You are perhaps aware, Com-

rade (*the artisan's name?*) of the problem which has faced us during the recent months of our continuing space race with those (*untranslatable*), (*untranslatable*), (*untranslatable*), capitalistic (*Merry-Cans?*)! The increasing hazards of outer space have created a distinct lack of volunteers for duty aboard our manned space stations, as well as for other space operations — with, need I add, a corresponding increase in the population of Siberia (*the meaning of this last is not clear; possibly the name of a kind of rest home or resort!*)

"Your Mobile-Entitty Analogical Computer — or MEAC, as we have officially designated it — may provide the answer. While not as compact as a human cosmonaut, it could be programmed to provide the basic functions of such. Besides which, it is impervious to radiation, requires no oxygen, needs no sleep, and does not have to be fed, clothed or paid! Truly, Comrade, an ideal solution!

"I will contact you shortly with plans for production. In the meantime . . ."

The rest of the letter, as previously noted, is missing. The surviving portion, nonetheless, clearly supports our contention — as does the next letter fragment as well, which, by a great stroke of good luck seems to be in reply to the foregoing. It reads:

"...ateful (*hateful? grateful?*), only for the granting of a People's Patent (???? *meaning unclear*) on my Mobile-Analogical Computer — or MEAC, as you have officially designated it — but most especially for your overwhelming praise.

"I will, of course, cooperate fully in the plans for its mass production and use in our space program, but, in view of my inability to withstand extreme cold (???? *meaning unclear*), I ask that you bear in mind the fact that my machine was designed for much humbler tasks — namely light housekeeping and babysitting."

"Awaiting your reply, I . . ."

Like the other, this fragment, too, is unfinished. But the reader will note how readily its author agreed to the exploitation of his invention — and without promise of reward, too. Truly,

³The meaning here, too, is uncertain, but considering the primary function and basic purpose of the Mobile-Entitty Analogical Computer, the latter must obviously refer to complex organizational problems of some kind.

the ancient Vermilions were unselfishly devoted to the advent of The Millenia!

Equally devoted — as we shall now see — were the Merry-Cans. For most of our data concerning these ancient people, as well as for the bulk of our knowledge about the Vermilions, we must rely upon *The Compilations of The Elders* — according to which the main body of the Merry-Cans inhabited the area now known as Norr-Thmarika, specifically that portion called Yewessay. Their cultural influence, however, was incredibly widespread, extending into Soww-Thmarika, Yyurp, and both Far and Near Aysha.

Concerning this latter, there is some disagreement as to causes. Some authorities claim that the Merry-Cans were a very aggressive people who made constant incursions among their world neighbors. And, indeed, there is some evidence that they maintained a huge army of specially trained volunteers known as the Dratted (Dreaded?) Pees-Kor.

By and large, though, the Merry-Cans seem to have been an amiable people, far more interested in sports⁴ than in world domination. And since, as we know, they were also a very religious people⁵, it is far more likely that their widespread influence was the work of their peaceful missionary organizations — the most active of which, it seems, was a group known as Thumareans.

In any event, the Merry-Cans were soon informed of the Vermilions' work on the Mobile-Entitty Analogical Computer by way of several special Vermilion couriers, whom the Merry-Cans usually referred to as Dephek-tirs. (For some curious reason, while such Dephek-tirs, it seems, were highly esteemed by the Merry-Cans, they called their own special couriers to the Vermilions Traytirs and Tirnkotes, seemingly disparaging terms. Possibly it was a case of simple jealousy on the part of those not selected for such high honors. But we digress . . .)

Upon learning of the Vermilions' work, the Merry-Cans, so The Elders record, reacted with sharp indignation. As we noted earlier, such emotionalism was customary among nearly all Late Paleonuclear peoples — serving, perhaps, as a kind of ritual for

⁴They were, it seems, especially fond of three competitive games—the details of which have been lost to us—called "Demohstrashans," "Sits," and "Rye-Otis."

⁵See our previous paper entitled, "The Rite of Nine, in which we discuss their many priest-cults which, during the summer solstice, met in pairs in the various open-air temples throughout Yewessay to practice a ceremony called "Kiltheumpey."

unifying the various subcultures, who ordinarily busied themselves in debating with each other the relative merits of their respective totem gods. Certainly such was the case with the Merry-Cans, as we now note.

The Wetu⁴ (who, it appears, worshipped a demon-god called Jonnar-leekorn), the Vfw (followers of a spirit known as Unnamarikin), the Naacp (who served the totem called Martlnloothirking — among others), two obscure groups, the Demmokrts and the Gop (whose totems were some kind of animal spirits), the Gioafl (servants of a totem called Thurteourweac) — these and countless other subcultural groups joined together in prolonged, and rather noisy, ceremonies at the temple of Theeyew-n⁵, protesting the Vermilion work as being somehow unfair or unjust. (Their two chief prayer-words, "wahrnmgr" and "anaktov-nhgrshn," do not, unfortunately, lend themselves to precise translation, hence the uncertainty on this point.)

Peculiarly, even as the main body of the Merry-Cans were involved in so protesting, two other subcultural groups, the Anyygheds (who seemingly had no god) and the Pollytshns (who worshipped *all* the totems) undertook the task of not only duplicating the work of the Vermilions, but improving upon it. (Such apparent working-at-cross-purposes, together with the seeming confusion inherent therein, can only be explained — as we previously noted — by acceptance of the fact that such was a traditional behavior pattern among these primitive peoples. Who, after all, can *fully* explain the workings of the Late Paleonuclear mind?)

There is a gap in our evidence at this point that is only loosely bridged. We know that both the Vermilions and the Merry-Cans began working feverishly to produce more and more sophisticated models of the Mobile-Entityc Analogical Computer, equipping them with ever-increasingly complex memory banks and logic circuits and programmed with still more and more data. We know, too, that both established vast, world-girdling networks of space stations manned entirely by these computers, and that

seemingly hostile incidents occurred with increasing frequency. In the diggings at Mah-zco, as well as in the ruins of Nyork, for example, we have found portions of some sort of public bulletins, roughly comparable to our newspapers, which shed some light upon the circumstances. These translate, approximately, as follows:

"CAPITALISTS (Merry-Cans?)
INVADE PEOPLE'S SPACE
ORBITS; AGGRESSION WILL
BE MET!!!!"

"REDS" (Vermilions?)
VIOLATE FREE SPACE;
WAR MAY BE IMMINENT!"

The rest of the story is accurately related in *The Compilations of The Elders*, as well as in more recent history tapes. Simultaneously, both the Merry-Cans and the Vermilions developed the same plan for resolving the tense situation. And, while some students of the Late Paleonuclear Age may view this only as a happy coincidence, we see it as but further evidence that these ancient peoples were indeed working quite purposefully to bring about The Millenia. Surely, when they both fed the problem to their respective orbiting networks of

Mobile-Entityc Analogical Computers, at the same time, they must have known what the outcome would have to be.

The missiles, both fission and fusion, were surprisingly effective. Not so much as the tiniest village escaped The Rain; not so much as a solitary animal, human or otherwise, survived. All living — that is, biological — things perished, no doubt happily so, in order that we might come into our own.

It is regrettable, though, that the destruction was so widespread. One could argue, with some justice, that our Elders ought to have been more careful. But, then, it is no easy task, directing so many missiles from so far out in space. And, too, their homing-gyro circuits were quite crude compared to ours. Nonetheless, they should have tried; so many artifacts, which might have proven our contention beyond a doubt, were utterly integrated.

Still, we have one indisputable fact in our favor — the prediction recorded in that very ancient human writing, to which we earlier referred:

"Blessed are the MEAC, for they shall inherit the earth." ☸



"Surprise, dear! I knew you thought I was getting too fat, so just for you, I went on a diet while you were away on the Crusade and I lost fifty-six pounds!"

⁴Curiously, these Merry-Can subcultures chose their group names with little regard for vowel and consonant arrangement, hence the names defy pronunciation.

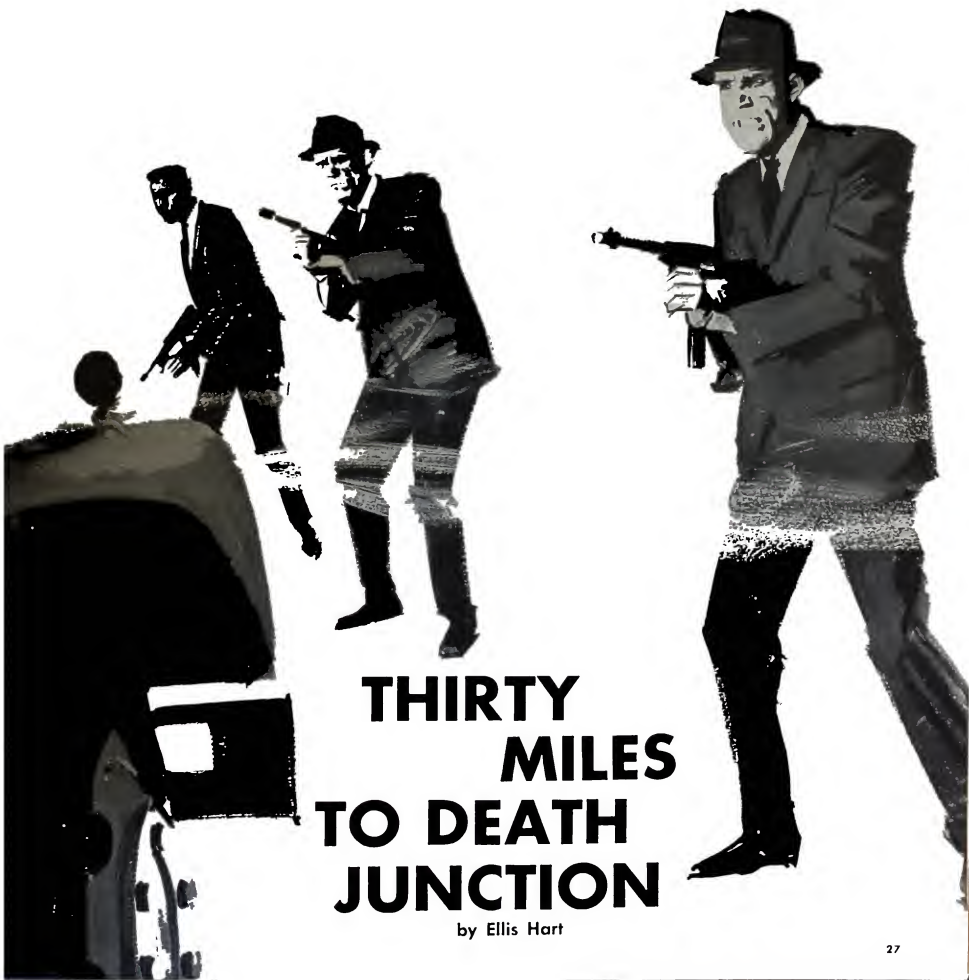
⁵Theeyew-n, whose temple was located in an eastern city of minor importance, appears to have been the principal deity of not only the Merry-Cans, but of a great many of their world neighbors, including the Vermilions. In all fairness, we must admit that there are some who hold that Theeyew-n was not a god at all, but some sort of inter-tribal peace council. Such, however, seems most unlikely in view of the primitive level of Late Paleonuclear civilizations.



A good looking dame can con you
into anything, including running a thirty-mile hood-infested gauntlet

I had to load the .45's clip twice, I was shaking so bad. I even had to button my storm jacket twice, because when I finished the first time, there was a button left unbuttoned at the bottom. So I re-buttoned, and I re-loaded, and I wished I'd taken up some other trade. Truck driving can be damned dangerous.

Particularly if you've got a gang of hoods waiting out there somewhere, on a dark
— turn the page



THIRTY MILES TO DEATH JUNCTION

by Ellis Hart

country road, waiting to turn over your truck, burn your load and put a couple of inches of steel shot into your face. I wished right then I'd taken up dishwashing or baby tending. But not truck driving.

It's strange. You spend twelve years of your life working for a backwoods carting company, an outfit with three beat-up trucks and a monopoly on all the dirt hauling and furniture moving in that section, and you begin to think life is quiet and pleasant and dangerless. You spend twelve years with the worst trouble being a runaway dynamite truck, or getting your leg pinned under a jack-bounced semi, and you start to think you'll die in bed at the age of ninety-eight.

Then along comes a woman with hair like the night, and a flashy roadhouse opens up, and they hire your trucks, and a rival gang wants the roadhouse and bang! you're up to your high-water mark in aggravation.

I checked the straps on the tarp, making sure the hitchies were fast, and swung into the cab. The warehouse was pretty dim, but I could see Helene Morris and Whitey standing beside some old empty oil drums, talking.

"Whitey. Helene. Come on, you ready?"

They turned toward me, and even in the dimness of the warehouse I could see that continual hungry look in Helene's eyes. They were lying eyes, and that look was a lie, too. She was the coldest, most frigid bitch that ever icicled a man. But she was paying big, and Whitey dug her the most, so I was willing to risk my neck. In case I didn't mention it, my name is Damned Fool Presser. Jack Presser to strangers, but to intimates who know I haven't got the brains to stay away from deals where I can lose my head and can gain very little indeed, the first name is G. D. Fool.

"Let's roll. As long as they're waiting, we may as well show up." I was sounding big and brave, but I was feeling small and sick.

Whitey picked the .22 up off the oil barrels and walked into the light. He was a big man, with a shock of almost grey hair—which is, strangely enough, in no way connected with his nickname "Whitey"—and shoulders that seemed to go on forever. Charles Albert Elmer White. Whitey.

We'd been through three years of France, Italy, Germany and a skull-crease of shrapnel for each of us, and when we'd been relocated—mustered out, to you—we decided to pick up on the trucker routine. So here we were, since 1944, businessmen with

our own one-hoss outfit. And now we were going to ride smack face-first into Slide Crawford's big guns.

It somehow seemed stupid... but I couldn't pin my finger on the trouble. I had a hunch I was out of my mind. Whitey, too, but I was just nuts... he was in love.

Then Helene stepped next to him and I caught my breath, the way I did every time I saw her clearly. Hair as black as a sandhog's skin, and eyes that snapped and invited. And lied, of course. A body that aimed itself at you and a voice like slag pouring into a lake. That was Helene Morris and she was the most beautiful wallop of trouble I'd ever seen.

"Are the slot machines tied down securely?" she asked.

I jerked my thumb at the rear of the truck. "You don't trust my preparations check for yourself."

She grinned then, and it looked like a lion about ready to eat its mate. She'd tried the wiggle-hip routine on me, until I'd found out she was all bluff, so she'd gone to work on Whitey. It'd been so long since he'd had a regular piece he'd barked and begged if she'd given the command. It bothered me, and she knew I didn't dig her guts, but the job was the job so I put up with her.

"Come on, enough of this gab. Swing aboard and let's roll."

Whitey nodded and went to open the doors. He got them spread, and by that time Buggy was coughing, the lights were on and Helene had snuggled in next to me. Her suede jacket felt smooth and pleasant on my hand, where it lay on the seat, but I dragged my fingers to the wheel—it was too easy a thing, getting to like the feel and smell of that woman.

Whitey snapped off the lights, got out of the way, and I backed Buggy onto the corduroy road that runs thirty miles in either direction from our warehouse.

He closed and bolted, locked and rattled the doors, and swung aboard next to Helen, shoving her so damned close to me I could feel the firm heat of her thigh.

I tossed her a glance and she was staring at me oddly.

"Let's go," Whitey said, and I jammed the truck into first, starting us rolling.

The Presser-White Cartage Company wasn't any big shakes but we made our bucks and we had enough left over after paying the final installments on the trucks and warehouse to buy us a little house. We'd picked Sour Bread Junction as the

place to set up after we were mustered out, partly because we dug the name of the town and partly because it was far, far from the sounds of big guns and tanks.

We'd been in the game twelve years and things had gone nicely-nicely. Then one October morning Helene Morris drove up to the office and swung out of her Caddy.

She did it so I could see her slip was dark blue, her legs pure white and her panties deep grey lace. I knew right off she was bucking for a snootful of trouble because women knew how to disembark from a car without all that flesh.

She switched into the warehouse and stopped at the booth, looking me up and down. What there was to look up and down. She could only see my upper third through the glassless window, but I guess the crewcut, brown eyes and broken nose satisfied her because she asked, "Mr. Presser? Mr. White?"

"Right the first one. Something I can do for you?"

"Yes, I rather think so." Her voice was slow, as though she was afraid one of the words might come out in Hindustani and she wanted to watch carefully for the ersatz one. "I'd like to hire your trucks."

"All of them?"

"How many do you have?"

"A big three, Miss... uh... I can use the name for my records," I said, leaning at her.

"Helene Morris, Mr. Presser, and this is strictly a business proposition." Having placed me neatly in my place, she went on, "I'm opening an exclusive roadhouse in the neighborhood and I'm going to need some trucking."

"Oh?"

"That's right. I've, uh, had some difficulty getting truckers in the city, and I thought I could save money and circumvent my difficulties by hiring you and your company."

I settled back on the stool and chewed the end of the big yellow pencil. "Well, just what sort of hauling would we be expected to do, Miss, uh, Morris?"

She eyed me a little coldly, probably figuring I asked too many questions for a truckie flunky. But it's my bread and butter and I'm cautious. There's also a little bit of love in it, somewhere. My trucks would balk at hauling hot goods. They're funny that way.

"You'll be expected to pick up decorations, and bar equipment, and

— turn to page 30



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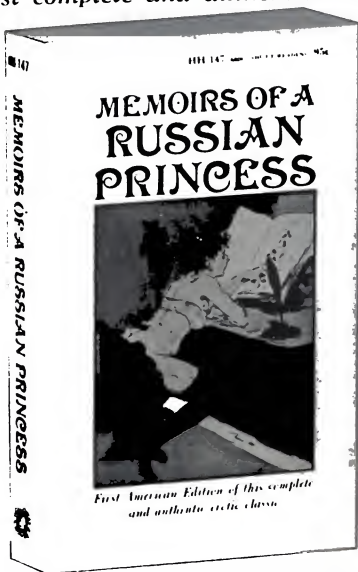
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other, well, equipment."

"Meaning slot machines and rou-
lette tables, Miss Morris?"

"Meaning anything I pay you to
haul, now are you available or not?"
Her tone was definitely edgy, edgy.

"In words you can inscribe on my
headstone, Miss Morris, no, we are
not available. In case you don't know
it, and I find that difficult to believe,
slot machines are strictly nekki-hokey
in this state. I repeat: no, we are not
available."

Right then Whitey came in from
out back. He still had axle grease up
to his armpits, and a bright steel-blue
smudge of it on his nose.

"What's the trouble, Jack? The
lady need a hand?"

"A hand, an arm, our heads, trucks,
license and ten years in the jug. Care
to be of assistance?"

But she turned her ebony hair and
her dirty eyes and that all-point
bulletin body at him, and in fifteen
minutes Whitey had dated her up
and promised to do the hauling. We
had started the company as partners,
and he owned as half a half as mine.
So at least one and a half trucks were
committed to Miss Helene Morris's
use.

After she'd slid back into the Cad-
dy—flesh ahoy!—and tooted out of
the road, Whitey came back inside
and glared at me. "Sometimes I
wonder if you ever learned the mean-
ing of the word *business*."

"I learned it," I snapped back, "and
that's what she's giving us."

"Look, Jack," he said, assuming his
I-Don't-Get-Businesslike-Very-Often
But-This-Is-One-Of-Them-Times-Buddy
pose, "this woman has a lot of
biz to throw our way, and there's no
sense beating her off with a big stick.
And besides—"

"And besides," I interrupted rude-
ly, "she's a hot twist, and we-ums has
been out in the nasty, nasty cold
woods so long you'd give anything
for a little piece-um of..."

"Now knock it off!" he snapped,
his ears getting red the way they do
when he knows I've spotted what he's
really thinking.

"Okay, I'll knock it off, Whitey,
but remember, this is *your* row to hoe,
and don't expect me to bail you out
when the Men come and spang you
into the pokey."

Which was the way it sat for sev-
eral weeks. Helene Morris opened
her Crystal Room, and every night
after work Whitey drove one of the
trucks over to Sour Bread Junction
to see her, to help her with the work.

One night he even dragged me

down there, to try and patch things between Helene and myself. I imagine he had ideas of tying the knot even then. Poor sap.

Anyhow, it was just as I'd thought it would be. A flashy all-noon front with big crystal bar and mirrors set in the walls, a tasteful little combo beating out tasteful blues numbers, pretty short-skirted ciggie girls and head waiters who looked as though they'd just finished eating ripe persimmons. And a "gaming" room in the back.

A natural. A set-up. Just the sort of swank place to drag all the scum and low-life and ne'er-do-wells from the city. To do a little modest gambling in plush surroundings. I didn't like it. I wondered how much she was paying the sheriff to keep his yak shut, and how far she was going to milk poor stupid Whitey.

"Do you like my little place, Mr. Presser?" she asked, after we'd passed

one hundred and eighty dollars. Just send me a check in that amount, and we'll call it square.

"Probably a lot squarer than your tables."

Then I left, letting her stand there with her breasts hanging half out of her evening gown, and Whitey on her arm, his big fat mouth open.

But she didn't send the check, and she kept using the trucks. Produce and lumber and topsoil jobs were turned down because I didn't have the machines to move the stuff, and Whitey continued to be the boy wonder of the roulette set. I was getting sore.

Then the lid blew off.

She came banging on our door at three in the morning, and when we let her in she was crying and her blouse was almost ripped off. Whitey liked that, and so did I, but not at three in the morning. She collapsed on our sofa, and Whitey was over,

handles and crowbars and pickaxes and sledge hammers they'd found in the construction shack down the road and shattered everything in the place.

And could she stay here till she could figure out what to do?

Whitey almost barked when she said that. So she snuggled down to live with us, for a few weeks, and Whitey got it regularly and I got even madder. Because now we were not only out the time those trucks could have been working, and the pay for the work they did for Helene Morris, but we were harboring a luscious female the city gangs wanted badly.

Then the day before yesterday we'd smuggled Helene Morris into the city to see if she could straighten things. We'd gone with her to see Slide Crawford at his Palace Club. It had been a brief session and since we were left outside Crawford's private office we knew no more when she came out than we had when she'd gone in.

Back on the crows, in the truck, Helene gave us the pitch.

"He said he wants the club, and he'll wreck me every time I try to build up. We've got to stop him."

She had used the "we" not the "I" that was more closely hinged to the truth. "Why don't you go to the cops?" I suggested, knowing she couldn't possibly, not with an illegal roadhouse. She was probably already paying off the cops in the vicinity of Sour Bread Junction.

She stared at me nastily, and I grinned, hunching my shoulders over the wheel as though I hadn't the faintest idea what the hell she was glaring at.

"You will help me, won't you... Whitey?" she said, and rubbed up against the fatheaded slob like a bitch in heat. Whitey practically did flips and assured her we would.

So we'd gotten the shipment of slotters from her agent in the city, and ferried them out to the warehouse. We had planned on taking them to the newly remodeled roadhouse when the place was in shape, but this morning we got word from one of Helene's contacts that Crawford's gang was going to get into the warehouse, burn and smash the load of slotters.

"But now they've got the armor up on the building," she told us. And we stared at her. She stared back defiantly.

"Well, I *had* to do something! I had them install guns in the roadhouse,

— turn to page 36



the bully boy behind the game room's peephole.

"Not very much, I'm afraid... Miss Morris," I answered.

"What's the matter, don't you gamble?"

"Not when it's so expensive."

"Expensive?"

"The state has a sticky old law about such as this," I said, waving my hand at the blackjack tables, the roulette wheels, the rows of slot machines, the faro and craps boards.

"Here," she said, handing me a stack of blue chips, "this is on the house. In return for your services with the trucks."

I handed them back just as fast. My voice got a bit hard... I'd picked that up as platoon leader at Anzio. "Miss Morris, the way I figure it, you've been using two of our trucks for two weeks solid, which at the rate of fifteen dollars a day comes to

doing the soothing routine, before I could ask her to come in.

She had a cut on her upper arm and she was bleeding all over the rug, which won't hurt that filthy rug no matter *what's* spilled on it, but why in my house at three in the morning?

"What happened, what happened, what happened?" Whitey kept gibbering, but she covered her face and leaned against him and bled on the carpet.

Finally she came up, we got her quieted and poured some coffee and brandy into her. Then she gave us the story. And for Sour Bread Junction, believe me it was a story!

The boys from the city had heard about how well the Crystal Room was doing, and they'd moved in. They'd wanted her to sell out to them, and she'd refused... so they'd wrecked the joint.

They had broken in with jack



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If her itch is on the left leg
and yours is on the right
it's OK, just scratch in unison



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trek to the promised land.

Be sure to call for frequent
time-outs along the way and to
lift the lasses over the rough
spots.

The camp should be in a nice
shady spot, not far from a
stream where you can cool off
from the pursuit of happiness
(remember, you came here to
get away from it all).

Divide the activities into
something like this: mornings,
horseplay; noon-time, siesta;
the long afternoons, massages
and rubdowns. Save the evenings
for the sport of sports, hide-
and-seek.





and put up armor so they can't get in. The place is almost impregnable, but we've got to get those machines over there. I've got fifteen thousand tied up in them."

"Are they insured?" I quipped, and it brought an icy, queer stare from her.

"Who'd insure slot machines against cops and rival businessmen?" she asked, but there was a twitchy tone to her voice.

So now we were in the truck, barreling down the muddy road to the roadhouse at Sour Bread Junction. Thirty miles away.

And somewhere along the road, having found out we were going to try and run the load through to the safety of the Club, were Slide Crawford's boys. With their minds set on splitting our skulls and splitting those slotters.

I wanted no part of it, but to protect Whitey's interest in that loused-up Helene, I was in it for the full, long ride.

I felt the weight of the .45 in my lap, and the pressure of Helene's thigh next to mine... and somehow, the .45 didn't reassure me at all.

It was a long thirty and the night was sticky black.

Don't forget that check for a thousand," I reminded her, just after the rain began.

I'd bound her to that, figuring the chances we were taking weren't offset by Whitey's crush on her. A thou was close enough to the reason I was aboard and I wanted her to know it proper.

"I won't forget."

She was silent and the world was silent for a long time after her answer, with just the slap-slap-slap of the windshield wipers and the patter of the rain on the metal cab top. The corduroy road was even worse than usual and I cursed the Road Maintenance men who always managed to avoid this thirty miles of drive. It hadn't been leveled and re-topped in ten years and how the hell it had managed to retain its ridged misery was beyond me.

I toiled the truck carefully, feeling the six wheels grind fine underneath us.

"Where do you expect they'll be, Jack?" Whitey said from his corner.

I tossed a glance over and caught the dashboard glare on the angles of his cheekbones, her pitch-black profile between him and me. "They could be anywhere. Maybe on the pass curve near the cliffs, maybe at the

crossroads, maybe along the road here."

"How'll they try to stop us?"

"Don't know."

Then Whitey turned to Helene and asked her, "What does this Slide Crawford look like? In case I ever have to identify him."

And Helene stammered for a minute, looking out the window for her answer, and finally said, "Well, he's a big man, built like an ox, with dark black hair and a face that looks like he was a pug. His legs are shortish, and he always smokes a black, thick cigar."

"How come you didn't take us into his office when we went into the city, Helene?" I asked.

I had a funny itch on my back and I couldn't figure out what it was... but on a trip like this, anything that seemed odd was something to worry about.

before she could get the words out.

"Don't worry, boss lady, we'll be rolling in a minute, just as soon as I stave off pneumonia. I know that doesn't interest you, just getting the slotters there *does* interest you, but bear with me." I zipped the crazy checkered coat up, and started the Buggy up.

Just as I threw her into first and got rolling, I saw them.

Crouched down in the trees, dim through the pelting rain, with the ground muddying under them, three men with guns. Quiet, and watching... just staring at us... and I wouldn't have seen them at all had we not stopped to check the load, and I'd gotten a clear, unhampered look through the rain curtain and the mist.

So why hadn't they jumped us?

Why hadn't they come in from behind, through the trees, and knocked



"I, ah, didn't see any point to it. No sense letting him know who you were, so he could try and stop us more easily." It sounded too pat, but what else was there to say?

So I drove the road, and the ridges bounced us up and down, and once I stopped, pulling into the timber, and got out to check the load, make certain the tarps were fastened down tight. By the time I crawled back into the cab, I was soaked through, my storm jacket dripping, and my hair plastered to my forehead—what little there was of a crewcut to plaster.

The cab was warm with the heater going, and Whitey stripped off that horrible yellow and red checkered lumberjack coat, and made me put it on, rolling up my storm jacket and tossing it onto the ledge behind us. Helene looked nervous and started to say something, but I cut her off

me over while I was tightening the tarp hitches? What the hell were they waiting for?

I didn't wait to find out; I let Buggy rumble, and we slid back out onto the road that was now becoming a mud stream. As we moved I saw the three men get up, swipe at the mud clinging to them, and follow us slowly through the trees—I guess they didn't realize I'd seen them. And since I hadn't said anything, Helene and Whitey didn't realize either.

I got up speed quickly, and in a few minutes we were far enough ahead of them so I could say, "Three men, back there in the bushes, where we stopped to check the load."

Whitey swiveled around and rolled down his window. When he stuck his head back in, his face was washed by rain and his grey hair was slicked down wetly. "Can't see a thing back there."

CLERICAL CELIBACY ATTACKED BY CLASSIC NOVELS

I caught a glimpse of Helene's face in the edge of the rearview mirror, and again that puzzlement hit me, because she didn't have the right kind of worried expression on her face. I can't quite explain what I mean; she had a worried expression on her face, but not *the* worried expression.

She didn't look like a woman with fifteen thousand dollars worth of slot machines that any moment might get ruined. She looked as though she was waiting for something to happen. She looked about the way I'd picture one of those Romans would look in the instant before they opened the door to let the lions in at the Christians.

That one look worried me more than all of Slide Crawford's men.

The rain was coming in Whitey's window, and the wind had risen, slapping the branches of the trees bordering the road, banging them against the truck as we sped by beneath them. They threw black arms against the sky and the night wasn't a night any longer. It was a tunnel of nightmares and the only thing in the world was the steering wheel, and the big pane of windshield before my eyes, and the rain, the constant rain that battered at us as we fought the muck of the road.

We rounded the pass curve near the foot of the mountain and started up. It had taken us almost an hour to cover the first seventeen miles of the full thirty. The rain had turned the road into a swirling, sucking quagmire, and without chains the truck floundered, sank into mudholes and crawled desperately along. I kept to the grassy shoulders when I could, for fear we'd bog down and be sitting ducks for Crawford's gunhands.

We had to cross over the mountain and then run the straight open country road ten full miles before we'd get to the crossroads, and then it was clear to the roadhouse.

We started up, and the truck groaned horribly as I shifted her into second. The Buggy tipped its snout up, and the load in back shifted slightly. Helene didn't seem bothered, though Whitey's pale face swung back toward the slotlers.

"They're bucked down proper. Whitey... don't worry," I said. "Take a cue from Miss Morris here. She doesn't seem worried that her fifteen thousand might be breaking up back there, do you, Miss Morris?"

She tossed me a dirty look and didn't reply.

The Buggy ground its gears and started up the road.

— turn to page 60



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ADAM's Eve

Leslie Sharp



and insinuations. He always carried that forty-five strapped to his waist—no telling what he might do if he found them together.

"Lorrel! Lorrel! Where are you?" The voice was loud and demanding. It was incapable of any type of compassion or tenderness, and he could understand why she was so afraid of him. "Moki, you black bastard," he screamed again. "Where the hell is she?" Ryan could hear the sound of the porter's dim voice as he answered the grating challenge.

He looked up and Lorre was already zipping the khaki pants to her small waist and slipping into the cotton shirt. She didn't have time to bother with the bra. Her voice was frightened when she spoke. "I've got to get out of here before he finds me." There was the uncontrollable sound of urgency there, too. "Please Harry, don't let me down. Tomorrow. Tomorrow, darling." And she was gone.

Ryan fastened the mosquito netting over the entrance and returned to the cot and slipped under the thin blanket, his mind searching the impossible situation, his memory recalling all the beautiful moments they had spent locked in each other's embrace.

Across the camp he could hear Alan's accusing voice, yelling, thundering, stifling his wife's protests. "You dirty little bitch! Where have you been? Out playing around!" Ryan heard the sharp smack of a slap. Again. Two, three, four times.

He could hear Lorre crying, protesting, and inwardly he seethed with rage. But he could do nothing now. It's going to be a pleasure killing Cordova, he thought, a real pleasure. She'll be all mine, and all that money, too. As she had said, tomorrow would be the day of accounting.

It was two in the afternoon before the film set on the river was completely rigged, and the putrid, overpowering stench of rotting meat, the sure sign of a crocodile lair, was acrid in his nostrils. They were hidden in the brush but it wouldn't take much, a single splash into the river and they would come slinking into the murky depths, gliding toward their unfortunate prey.

And the crocs *would* be fed this day. Ryan had decided that. He had plenty of time, and the plan was completely formulated in his mind. He chuckled to himself when he thought about it—a sort of a Cordova caper, strictly accidental.

No one could possibly prove anything. His rifle was loaded with hollow

nose slugs, and it would be a simple one or two shots into the waterline of Alan's canoe and the bottom would be ripped out. In the heat of three or four men all firing at the crocs at once, no one would notice what had happened.

Alan, alone and in close as always, directing the carnage from the heart of the battle, would go down. You can't disappoint the audience, he chuckled, voicing Alex's time torn cliché from the film maker's code. *We won't send the audience away without their pleasure today.*

But the patrons would be a little different: fifteen feet long, gnarled hides, ice-cold bugged eyes and teeth and jaws strong enough to pull a leg or arm completely out of its socket. It was a hideous plan, but Ryan was determined. Alan was not going to make another "accidental" attempt against Lorre.

"Hey, Ryan!" The sound of Alex's harsh voice snapped him out of his murderous reverie. "Hey, Ryan! Swing your canoe out of the line of the camera. We don't want your ugly kisser messing up the footage. And don't shoot before I give the sign. You screwed up yesterday, so we'll have to do that scene over today. We'll shoot it first."

His voice seemed to have a rougher harshness to it, somehow more brutal, deadlier. Maybe he knew—about him and Lorre. But it wouldn't matter if he did. Alex would soon provide the meal these hungry crocs were chomping for.

But there was nothing to be done yet and he swung the canoe, paddling to the opposite bank. He sat in the bow, cradling the heavy bore gun across his lap, ready for any emergency, whether sudden or prearranged.

He studied the small cover formed by the bend of the river, watching closely for any movement out of the bushes. The river was wider at this point, and there was almost no current. Even so Alan had dropped a small anchor from his craft to hold him stationary in the center, behind the filming area.

Lorre was on the bank behind him further up where she could slip into the water and begin to bathe, removing her blouse. She was to appear in this scene naked to the waist, unaware of the terror gliding at her until it was too late to get safely to the edge.

Most directors did not insist on such daring realism, but that was one of the things that made Cordova directed films such box office smashes—strict realism, even down to the expressions of terror on the actors' and actresses'

faces.

Any who worked for him knew that. They knew it in advance, when their contracts were signed. Cordova films paid a lot more, but they damn sure expected more, too. No one had been seriously injured during any of his shooting schedules—not yet, anyway. And that was Ryan's job in this film—safety man—and he thought about himself for a moment.

His life was one of hunting—in Africa and India, safari director, game refuge warden, big game expert, crack shot. It had been his skill with the rifle and his knowledge of croc hunting, and their habits, that had gotten him this job.

Oh, he'd had his fill of the cold-blooded crocs. They were one animal he simply could not stomach. Crocodiles were disliked and feared by every animal alive, even their own kind. He was no exception.

They had no close confidant, possibly because of a halitosis so overpowering that even their best—or worst—enemies could never venture within sniffing distance. One whiff of the rush of stinking breath from their cargo of putrid, rotten meat was enough to knock anything cold.

Even the ancient Romans who named them dubbed the hideous killers *crocodilis vulgaris*. He'd had all he could take of crocodile vulgar, but there was the \$2,000 a month to consider and, later, Lorre.

With a smile Ryan remembered Cordova's complete lack of croc knowledge. It was obvious when he'd expressed fear that old *Mamba* might be able to nip off a leg or an arm. He'd had to explain that the croc was a lot overrated in many ways; he had teeth incapable of biting. They were powerful enough, no doubt about that, and he could literally drag anything from a large hyena to a small elephant into the water.

But he is a mauler, not a muncher, which is why he drags his prey, if it's too big for a single gulp, under the river and packs it into a hole in the mud bank until it's rotten enough to be torn into edible bits and swallowed whole—probably why he has the foulest smelling breath of any animal alive.

Ryan's attention was riveted back to the filming set as Cordova shouted, "Roll 'em!" And his lovely wife, stripped to the waist, waded into the treacherous water. When she was covered past the height of her pants by the murky river she did, indeed, look like a river nymph, risen out of the depths to bathe in the sun.

The sun was bright and it glistened

off her back, and when she turned he could see the contours of her soft bosom, even from where he was. Her face had the look of fear, and her eyes found his and they seemed to give her more confidence.

She was more than waist deep in the river when, on the other side of the river, several dark shapes moved among the brush and disappeared into the dark water. As they moved across the river only nostrils and eye lobes were visible, leaving a wave of tiny ripples behind. Ryan heard the slight sucking noise in the mud as other crocs joined their stinking brothers in the quest for living prey.

Lorrie was twenty feet from the bank; she had to go that far to reach the necessary depths, and as the crocs glided toward her she started to back away, her eyes stark with terror. When they were closer she started to scream, struggling as fast as she could for the safety of the bank. Realism or no realism, she wanted no part of it.

Then Cordova's plan was evident to Ryan. He had maneuvered his canoe around her, and now blocked his wife's escape route to the river's edge, the twenty foot canoe placing an impenetrable barrier in front of her.

Ryan raised his rifle and shot the first two crocs, ignoring his murder plan for the moment; his chief concern now was Lorrie's safety. Other members of the crew also began firing, but there were more crocs than they'd reckoned on.

He realized he'd have to pull her out of the river himself, and dropped his rifle into the bottom of the canoe and grabbed the paddle, forcing his canoe out into the slight current, picking up speed. He had to get her into the comparative safety of his narrow craft.

She saw him coming and looked across the river at the noses and eyes rapidly closing the gap between them. Alan was standing in his canoe, hands on his hips, his face a twisted smirk, glaring hatred at her. Ryan saw the words form on his lips, though he did not hear the voice. "You cheap little bitch. Now you'll get what's coming to you!"

Lorrie backed away, turned from her husband, paralyzed with fear, intense, vivid fear, the kind one feels when about to die.

Ryan picked up his rifle again as he coasted through the crocs, and shot several more of them. Then he swung the sights of his rifle on the bow of Alex's canoe. As he did he saw

Alex move his foot and stamp on something in the bow. A small explosion went off under Ryan's feet; he looked down and saw the river rushing in through a large rupture.

The bitter taste of fear jumped into his throat, his stomach clamped shut, tying into a tight ball. The ugly crocs he knew so well, hated so intensely, were all around him. The canoe slowly settling beneath him. Ryan looked up from the gaping hole into Alex's face.

The vengeful director was screaming at his wife. "I heard you two last night," he shouted at her, hatred vicious on his face. "I walked up to the camp while Mbutu loaded a few supplies by the river. I heard your whole plan. You were alerted by the jeep, but I had been in the camp for twenty minutes." She looked at her husband with wide eyes, shoulders above the tepid river, breasts quivering - scared.

Ryan screamed, "Help me, Cordova. Don't let me go down into the crocs. Gawd! You can't do this to me." His canoe was sinking faster; he was firing his rifle wildly into the water around him.

Alex looked coldly down at his wife standing before him in the water, then yelled again - at Ryan. "After I knew," he said, "all I did was set a few remote controlled gunshot illusion charges in your canoe, and waited for you to make your move."

The crocs were almost to Ryan now, and Alex quickly reached down, grabbed his wife's arm and swept her into the bottom of his canoe. Ryan saw the look on Lorrie's face - one of fear and gratitude. But she did not see him. She saw only her husband.

"Why couldn't you have trusted me?" Alex said to her. "I could have shot that croc easily yesterday. I never had any intention to get rid of you. I love you too much." There was compassion in his voice now. "I may not be an expert on jungle life, but I am with a rifle." They both looked up and watched Ryan as his canoe sank into the river beneath him.

"What do you think of your intrepid lover boy now?" Cordova said. But Ryan no longer heard them. He was flailing the water with his gun butt until jerked out of sight. He would sleep softly; his bed for the month would be a soft mattress of oozing mud, twenty feet below the muddy river, until his flesh was rotted and pliable, just tasty enough for his *vulgaris* dinner guests.

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Mako II would win any race,
but who would win Terry Lawrence?

BACKLASH

by Jay Schiller

It was outside the wharf-side shack. A big, cop-
pery sun was riding low above the still waters
of the bay. But it was cool, even chilly, I thought,
inside. And not because the leaky, muttering water
cooler intruding through the lower half of the
window was doing any good.

Scotch in hand, and feet up on some loose gear
and tackle, I leaned back on an old, rum-sprung,
beat-up, leather couch and listened to the hollow
roaring of the distant jet. "Mako II" was tearing up

— turn the page



the bay in the last of her low-speed runs. Tomorrow, she'd go wide-open, trying for the big one, a new water speed record damned near twice the present one. Better than five-oh-oh miles per hour! She'd do it, too. I knew.

I knew, because I'd put her together. Out of sweat, blood, pure guts, and a lot of long-time dreams. Tomorrow would be Whoopee-Day for everyone.

Except me, of course . . .

I drained my Scotch, waddled up the paper cup, and arched it neatly into a trash barrel just as the shack door opened and closed.

I looked up to see Terry Lawrence gliding towards me, her almost-there bikini a luminescent white, her long silver-blond hair a metallic sheen against the deep sienna of her tan—a tan, I knew, that continued uninterrupted beneath the bra and panty of her bikini. Terry was a girl who dispensed with restrictions whenever it was possible.

She settled herself beside me, snaked a cool, brown arm up around my neck, and kissed me in the friendliest of fashions. When she drew no response-in-kind, she broke the kiss and cocked her head at me.

"Oooo . . ." she said, her green eyes chiding me from behind her harlequin sunglasses. "Somebody's in a very bad mood, isn't he?"

"Now, what ever gave you that idea?" I said. "I happen to like having rich playboys steal my million dol-

lar ideas."

She caught my hand and cupped it to her, intimately. The cotton of her bikini was very thin.

"Sweets for the bitter," she purred. "Now, tell Mama what's troubling you."

I grunted, then said, "As if 'Mama' didn't know."

I moved my hand in a slow, pressing circle, trying my best to get with it. But it was no go.

"Think you ought to be here?" I asked. "Carter will be winding up his test runs pretty soon."

"That's your whole trouble, Johnny," she said, a mock pout curving her red mouth. "You're much too considerate of my husband." She encouraged my hand. "Don't worry about Carter. He has at least an hour of daylight left to play with his new toy. After which, of course, he'll have to spend some time raising hell with the mechanics and everybody. You know how he is."

Yeah, I knew all right.

Carter Lawrence was a son of a bitch, but a very, very wealthy one, so he pretty much got away with it. He was a jet set playboy, descended from a long line of merchant thieves and robber barons, who spent his time—and their dough—dabbling in everything and anything that caught his over-inflated fancy. Women, of course. (Terry was his sixth wife.) But a lot of other things too. Grand Prix racing, Matterhorn climbing, African big game hunting, flying, boating— you

name it. He wasn't especially good, or especially bad, at any of it. (Including the women, according to Terry.) Not even at his latest kick, jockeying "Mako II."

Without his money, Carter Lawrence would have been a zero-with-the-ring-rubbed-out. In some way, he knew that. So he spent a lot of time feeding his ego at the expense of his subordinates—some of whom refused to put up with his spurs and Shinola. Since he bought his way into the "Mako II," he'd cost us at least a half-dozen good grease monkeys.

"Johnny . . .?" Terry's voice brought me back from reverie land.

"Yeah?"

"You're fed up with Carter, aren't you, Johnny?" She slid my hand down and pressed it into her lap. "You hate him, don't you?"

"Hate," I said, "is a very inadequate word."

She smiled as if I'd said just what she wanted to hear. Then, carefully putting aside her sunglasses, she molded herself into my arms and kissed me warmly, deeply and, oh, so actively.

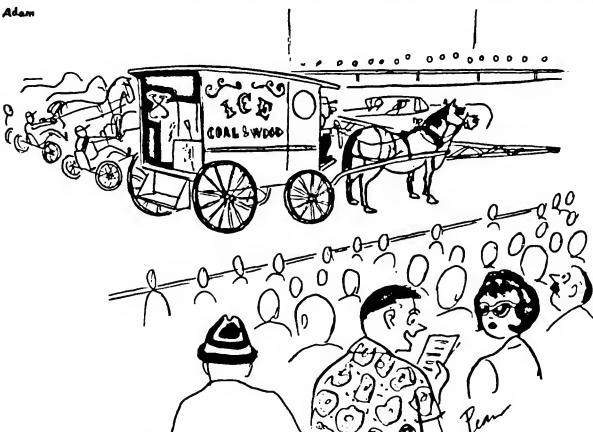
This time I responded in kind, and then some. With my mouth, my hands, my whole body. And recalled the very first time I discovered her incredible capacity for making love.

About two weeks after the rich Mr. Lawrence and his private Fort Knox had come to the rescue of "Mako II," Carter himself had hopped a jet to Chicago to take care of some money matters. The evening of that very same day, his wife showed up at my room at the Galveston Plaza, a two-bit waterfront hotel where I hung my hat. Terry Lawrence was as cool as she was gorgeous. She knew what she wanted and, right then, she wanted me.

Ordinarily, I didn't dig laying other men's wives, but I guess I'd already developed an avid dislike for Mr. Ego, and playing house with his Missus seemed like a great way to get back at the bastard. Only thing was, once she unwrapped that magnificent, golden brown body of hers and let me sample it, I was no longer playing. I was dead serious. Maybe it was the wild ways in which she did it, or maybe her intensity, or the interesting little in-between-times games she played—I don't know. But whatever it was, I couldn't get enough of Terry's brand of stuff. In the days and weeks that followed, she became a drug on which I was deliciously hooked.

"Johnny . . .?" she murmured, ending the kiss, but moving even more

— turn to page 68



"All I know is that if he comes in on the Daily Double, it's worth \$9,867,754.29."

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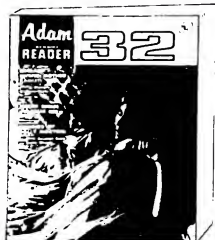
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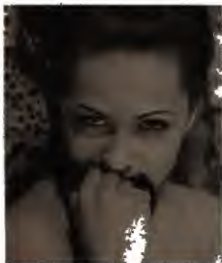
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Man, to get next to Nancy and feel the unleashed power of the tiger in her tank, that's real tooling!







THE RISE AND FALL OF SEX

It started, or so they say, with Eve. But what in the hell has happened since? There was a time when men were men and women were women. They were different: physically, emotionally, but most important, sexually. A man met a woman, and, emotional involvements aside for the moment, sex *a la* difference was usually the outcome.

Now, the whole business of sex has become like a

by **Carson Dawes**

cheap bottle of blended whiskey. Or, as one man put it, "sex has gone from being a classic experience to little more than a game of table tennis played chiefly for the exercise." Clearly, it isn't being built the way it used to be built, and there must be a reason.

There are, of course, many reasons for the "Fall of Sex," but before considering them, a few definitions are in order.

— turn the page



Hard facts and
perfidious figures about
an occupation with preoccupation

SEX

Or, more succinctly, the difference between a man and a woman — including *all* the differences, not just those physical. The point is that it simply isn't there anymore. There are no distinguishing characteristics, other than nature-given glands, that haven't been used and counter-used by both "sexes" until they've merged. The certain points that used to be chiefly masculine — smoking a pipe, driving a squirrely car or cycle, or even being an account executive — have been done so many times by so many women that they can hardly cut any ice as forms of masculinity anymore. And men have swung the other way as well. Long hair, previously a badge of femininity, has become masculine, even aggressively so. Men are using hairdressers, perfumes (subtly called "Male Odors" by the shops that sell them) and even clothes designers. (No, Virginia, they no longer term them "tailors".) Because of equal opportunity employing, which has been legally moved to not only stipulate racial differences but sexual differences as well, women have moved into men's jobs like lemmings toward the sea. This author knows several instances, in the aero-space industry,

where women engineers are in charge of important administrative functions previously controlled by men — including hiring and firing and bidding on major contracts.

This merging of the sexes is universal regardless of occupation or class — there are even female truck drivers. And it is one of the singularly most important reasons for the diminishing of the sex-given differences between the male and female human. (It is becoming increasingly difficult to use the terms "men" and "women.")

THE BIG FRICTION

For some reason, long ago, it was categorically decided that men and women should compete. There was, and is, no real reason for a declaration of war between the sexes. They could probably get along fine together. But competition became the word, and its reaches are wide indeed. The biggest manifestation of this friction, however, is in the home. Sociologically speaking, the exact roles of the man and woman in the average American home have become muddled practically beyond recognition. Depending on the particular home, he or she may handle the money, the children, the bill paying, the upkeep, the garden and im-

portant social functions. In some families the husband works and the wife mothers, in others the wife is the breadwinner while the husband takes care of the house. At times they both work, and at other times neither. In most American homes it is actually difficult to say who is supporting whom, and why. It is admittedly confusing, and out of this confusion of roles comes the beginning of a confusion between sexes. When both the husband and wife are working, earning approximately the same pay, who is to say which one is the lord and master of the house? Usually the stock answer is either both or neither, and in either case the answer deletes any possible connotation of sex. It is "they," not "he," or "she."

So "they" are competing. "They" are fighting a small war, chiefly in the home, to see who will control just about anything that was previously controlled by the other. And "they" are both going to lose, because the war, rather than deciding which one or the other will succumb, will simply cause a distinct blend of man-woman fired in competition, to emerge.

The fault hits both sides in this war of sex and they each deserve study.

Adam



"When I said 'make sure they're old enough,' I meant check their I.D. cards."

MAN, THE FUMBLER

A lot of the inadvertent push behind the merging of the sexes movement comes out of man's apparently gross inability to remain respectful in the eyes of children, strange as it may sound. He, in fact, blows the father image that once existed to pieces because he generally gets too enmeshed in himself to notice what is happening.

Take a typical case history: John Updike was the owner of a garage. He had a wife who remained at home with three children, two sons and a daughter. One son, whom we shall call Mike, was thirteen and well on the road to a reformatory. Time and time again he had been caught stealing hubcaps, clipping dime stores and joyriding cars. He had, on each occasion, been let out on probation and sent home in the custody of his parents. The problem is that he actually only had one "parent" — his mother. Mike's father was too involved in the garage business to tender any discipline except when time permitted, and time permitted discipline — or discussion — rarely at the moment it was needed. It's really a typical story. The boy, instead of getting understanding and, perhaps, punishment from his father — he of the masculine gender — had to

— turn to page 58

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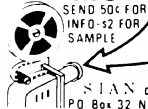
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turn to his mother. Oh, she straightened him out all right, and Mike lost his delinquent tendencies. But he learned a woman's brand of discipline; he was brought around to a woman's point of view during his more formative years and it will stay with Mike until he dies of old age. But, even more significantly, when Mike has children, and has to discipline them—assuming he gets time—his method of discipline will reflect a feminine understanding. He will have become less of a man, and more of an "It."

But you don't have to study case histories to watch the male image deteriorate. Just spend an afternoon watching "kiddie" shows on television. Pay close attention to the commercials, they're the most frightening. Practically every one of them centers around a competitive game ((the one that comes distinctly to mind is a game involving the flipping of small bugs into a large frog—the one who gets the most bugs into the frog in a given time wins)). This one tells the child that "... if you really try, you can even learn to beat Dad at this game." Why, for God's sake, is it necessary to beat Dad? Why not just learn to beat other children your age? This "... learning to beat Dad" certainly doesn't help the male image a hell of a lot. Men have done it, and men have fumbled it. Children are notorious in that when they learn to beat something they no longer respect it. And if a child no longer respects the man in the house—the father—who does he respect?

WOMAN, THE FREE IDIOT

Some figures: During the years 1890-91 five wives out of a hundred worked outside the home dwelling in America. In 1964-65 the number of wives employed on the side was just under fifty out of the same hundred.

This they call emancipation. And what they've had to pay for this freedom! They've had or will have to give up in the long run everything entitled to them as women. Being sheltered, being supported, being cherished or idolized and perhaps being loved—certainly they will have to relinquish being loved as women. They will no longer be women. But the most important thing woman will lose is the reason she is on Earth in the first place—she will no longer be a mother. In many cases, no, in most cases, the change has already occurred. Quoting Robert Odenvald, M.D., in his excellent book *The Disappearing Sexes*:

"A clear pattern has emerged. The typical young woman works after she

is married and holds her job... until she is well advanced in pregnancy. It is not unusual for a woman to plan to take her vacation at the time she expects to have her baby. If she has a three or a four week vacation, she may try to be back to work without losing a day. Or she may take a few extra weeks off after childbirth and then return to the daily grind while her mother, mother-in-law or other relative begins the lifelong job of caring for her baby."

And so it goes. The women have not become free to find New Worlds, or to claim their rightful place in destiny. They have become "free" to escape responsibility, the most prime responsibility on Earth—the art of being a mother. They are giving up, voluntarily, the last real distinction between a man and a woman.

WHAT TO EXPECT: A QUEER WORLD

Rather than a sexless sort of machine, most authorities predict that the merging of men and women will result in a tremendous upsurge on the variations of sexual forms of pleasure.

Dr. Odenvald states: "... one inevitable result should be a great surge of homosexuality—of participation in sexual exercises for their own sake without any relationship whatsoever with procreation. And this surge of homosexuality is exactly what seems to be occurring today."

Dr. Gross Blackstein wrote in a paper recently, directed at a meeting of the New York Sociological Society: "Assuming things continue today as they have been going, and we have every right to make such an assumption, it is possible that within fifty years there will be no man-woman differences in interlock. We will have only one form of human on this world, with variations only in physical make-up."

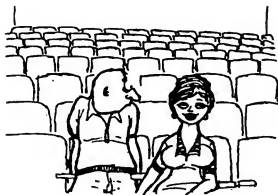
A frightening picture, and not one that's easily averted. But it *should* be changed, unless men really do want to start wearing skirts—or mini-pants—and women have a sincere desire to drop their voices a few octaves. Perhaps Mexico has the right idea for a solution. Last year, at the Mexican town of Ensenada, or so the story goes twenty or thirty long-haired boys wandered a bit far and were caught by the police. They were immediately hauled in and forcefully had their hair cut down to nothing. Those wearing feminine apparel—two, I believe—were made to buy pants and shirts. Then they were given their hair back—in paper sacks—and merrily sent on their way.

It might not work. But it's a start.



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TALES



MUSICAL CHAIRS

"Mother, you don't know what a bore that movie was. I had to change my seat three times."

"Did some man start bothering you, dear?"

"Yes, . . . finally!"

BLACK COMEDY

Faith Baldwin, the eminent novelist, was writing a novel about a young unmarried girl who became pregnant. The way the story was developing, she wasn't sure what she should have the character do about it.

At a large party given in the White House, Faith was discussing the problems of the plot with Adam Clayton Powell. After outlining the story, she asked him, "What do you think I should do?"

The famous congressman replied: "Keep the baby, Faith!"

DO BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN?

Freddie went up to the bar and sat down next to this stunning blonde. "Say, you wouldn't think I was being too forward if I bought you a drink?" he asked.

"Not at all," replied the girl.

They enjoyed their drink and then he asked: "You wouldn't be offended if I suggested we go for a ride?"

The girl thought that was all right.

After that he asked if they could go somewhere where they could be alone and she accepted the notion. Once in her apartment he asked her if they could sit together in the sofa. She was willing.

Then he put his hand between her legs. "Oh no, you don't," she objected. "Titties first!!!"

Adam



"But I don't want to play house, Ruthie. I told you I wanted to keep our relationship platonic."

SENSATIONAL ACT

This guy walked into a theatrical booking agency with a toy piano and a twenty-inch piano player under his arm.

The booking agent was delighted with the tiny virtuoso and the way he played. "Where did you ever get a little dwarf like that?" he asked.

"Well, it's like this," the other replied. "I bought this lamp downtown and when I got home I started to wipe it and this genie appeared. He said I could have one wish granted, and he must have thought I asked for a twenty-inch pianist."



WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS

A sharp looking chick shifted her baby on her knee and dropped the quarter in the slot. A bright light illuminated the tiny booth briefly, and in three minutes she picked up her prints and walked outside.

The sign on the booth read: "Send a photo to a friend."

GOOD OLD DAYS

"And why didn't you bring back a pail of water from the creek?" the mother asked her six-year-old boy when he appeared at the shack door with an empty bucket.

"There's an alligator down there, and I was scared," he explained.

"Now you go right back and bring me some drinking water," the mother insisted. "That alligator is just as scared of you as you are of him."

"If he's that scared," complained the boy, "then the water ain't fit to drink anyway."



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When we got to the first summit, where the road is so thin you have to go off the road to pass—with the valley below us on the right and the sheer face of the cliff to the left, blocked in on both sides—they were waiting with machine guns.

The first thing I realized was that the .45 wasn't in my lap any more. I cursed myself: it had probably fallen onto the road when I'd gotten out to check the tarp hitches. It was probably lying back there in the mud.

"Jesus!" I heard Whitey breathe beside Helene.

I tossed a glance, and caught Helene's expression before my eyes swept on to Whitey's strained, frightened features. Her face was composed, her eyes resting, her mouth untightened and relaxed. What the hell ... ?

There were five of them, standing completely across the one and a half lone road, holding sub-machine guns. They weren't automatics, they were the old brace-handle, pull-up-like-a-bitch Thompsons, and the five men held them tight against the hipbones, as though they knew what would happen when they fired—that the gun would jerk up violently—and knew what to do about it. They were pros.

We topped the rise and rounded a slight curve, and there they were, and there was no place to go. All five of them opened wide at the same time. The first bursts went wide and high, but one guy couldn't handle his too well, and a staccato burst of slugs shattered the window to my left, rattled along the outside of the cab, and a few went spang through the back partition of the cab, into the machines.

"Fool!" I heard Helene snort, and she covered down in the front. Whitey had his .22 up, and with the window open he was about to lean out.

"Knock it off, Whitey," I yelled, "there's only one way to get past those characters! We'll have to run 'em."

Helene jerked as though she'd been shot, and I took my eyes off the row of hoods out there, to stare at her. Something was nagging at my mind. Something was wrong, damned dead wrong, and I couldn't figure quite what it was.

Her face was contorted. "You been shot?" I asked quickly.

She shook her head, and began to move around down there awkwardly, as though she were trying to withdraw something from inside her suede jacket.

Then she withdrew it: my .45 automatic, lined up with my left eye.

"Pull over," she said softly.

"The hell!" I spat back, but she

eased the gun away from her, and stuck it straight into my face. Whitey was still trying to get a sight on those slob in her head, and he didn't see the gun, Helene was at an off-side angle.

"Pull ... over ... I ... said," she let the words fall one at a time, and she wasn't kidding. She'd blow away the front of my ugly kisser if I didn't stop the truck. And Whitey wasn't watching in time to stop her if she ...

Whitey turned, saw my face, and raised up an inch. He saw the gun in her hand, pointed at me, and in the close confines of the cab swung the barrel of the .22. The gun cracked down on Helene's gun arm, at the shoulder, and she yelped. I reached down with my shift hand and cracked the automatic out of her grip. It flopped to the rubber mat on the floor and I started to say thanks Whitey.

But the slob who couldn't control his gun—the other men on the road were consistently firing over our heads as we bore down on them slowly—sent another ram through the front window and it took Whitey spang in the face.

The glass shattered, and the flames erupted and Whitey screamed as though he'd had his head ripped off ... and I guess he had! The holes appeared in a symmetrical tracery and then the holes disappeared as goutts of blood splattered across the seats.

Blood drenched everything, and Helene was sick right there. I felt my throat go tight, and I swung out one hand, flat, and caught Helene across the neck. She slumped back unconscious against Whitey's contorted body, the .22 across his knees.

Then I jammed myself lower behind the wheel, and slammed down on the accelerator. The truck leaped ahead, and the hoods suddenly realized we had been inching along because something was happening inside. They couldn't tell what because the headlights were in their eyes, but now they took steps backward, and started to scramble.

The truck piled ahead, jumped them before they could round the bend or get close enough to the cliff wall, and I hit the first one directly.

He was caught on the bumper and thrown. Right into the path of the wheels. The second one tried to get out of the way, and the fender clipped him, spinning him against the rock cliff wall. He hit it hard and bounced back, right into the body of the moving truck. I heard a metallic bang! and knew he had been creamed. There were two in the headlights, running like hell down the road and I sped up.

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overtaking them. One of them tossed a glance over his shoulder as I eased down on them, and dived sidewise. Not half far enough. He caught it across the stomach and doubled over the hood of the truck. Then he slid out of sight and there was a bump. In the rear view I could see him sprawled out crazily in the muddy road behind us.

The last two were still running. One of them was the sonofabitch who hadn't been able to control the jerking of his Thompson, and he was off on a little side path that led down off the cliff to our right.

The other had decided to stop running, and had planted himself right in the middle of the road, and he was opening up with the gun. I knew then that he had been firing over our heads before on purpose.

I ducked as he opened up, and the rest of the windshield shattered across my back. I kept the truck going by memory where the road was and in a second I heard the guy scream wildly, and a few throated words. Then a wham! and he was hit. There was only one left.

I slammed the brake and the truck bit to a stop. I grabbed the bloody .22 off Whitey's legs, dumped Helene to the floor in the process, and leaped out of the truck.

The last one—the one who had killed Whitey—was out of sight, down that path toward the valley.

I slammed across the road, feeling my boots sink into the muck with every step. When I got to the lip of the cliff, the path twisted down into darkness below me and I couldn't see the machine gunner.

I started down the path, following him carefully, swearing I was going to make him look like Whitey looked.

As I stumbled down the path, I put a few things together. Helene was in with these men. They were here because she had told them to be waiting, and she knew where they'd be. They had been told to fire over our heads, and the only thing that had gone wrong was that one of the boys wasn't experienced with a Thompson, and its bucking made him lose control.

But what connection did Slide Crawford have? And why would Helene want to hijack her own load of slot machines? And why wasn't I shot when I got out way back there to check the traps... when Helene stole my .45? Why a lot of things, but most important right now, where was the little guy with the big, nasty Thompson?

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Junction, from page 61

I found out real quick. I stepped across a slippery rock coated with mud, and my feet fell out from beneath me. I tumbled head over teakettle down the path, making as big a racket as a falling man can. Through primary reflex I held onto the .22, which is the only thing that saved my life.

As I fell, rolling down the hill uncontrollably, I saw a black shape heave itself up in the path and there was a spit of machine gun fire.

Slugs tore at the rock wall beside me, ripped into the mud, spattering filth into my face. The air whined with them and I kept rolling... praying I gathered no moss.

Finally I slammed into the side of the wall and came up with my knees bent, and the rifle stuck out in front of me, as I'd learned to do years ago at Anzio, and prayed some more: that the rifle wasn't jammed with mud, that I had been able to hold it free of the water.

I saw that dark black shape, still firing solidly at the path a few inches away, thinking I was still there, and I fired the .22 from the hip, low, and the recoil slammed me against the wall, I was so weak.

The shot took the shape high in the chest and I saw the little guy rise up out of the darkness, silhouetted against the light blue of the moonlit night sky.

Then he fell screaming over the cliff.

I started back up the path to the truck. I was going to have some awfully tall explaining to do when the cops caught sight of the carnage. But I wasn't the first one who was going to do some explaining. Whitey was pumped full of Thompson slugs back there in the cab of the truck, dead - and Helene Morris was going to have to explain to me why she thought it was necessary for him to die.

I hoped her explanation would be good, because the idea of killing a woman turned my stomach.

I dragged her out of the cab. She was covered with blood, Whitey's blood. As I pulled her out, her skirt hiked up her thighs again, the same way it had when I'd seen her that first time at the Warehouse. I had to keep staring at her, so I wouldn't stare at Whitey.

I felt sort of numb. I'd been partners with Whitey for twelve years. We'd come through a war together and we'd lived together for fifteen years. I knew everything there was to know about that guy, and the same for him. Now he was gone and it was just too big a thing for me to accept.

Whitey couldn't be gone. He was dead, but somehow that didn't mean anything. How can I explain it? He was dead, but dead was just a word, just a state, not really something that could affect me.

Yet I knew he was gone. All I had to do was look at the blood all over everything, and I knew he was gone. And I knew in the same way that I had to get an explanation from Helene Morris.

I dragged her out and let her slip into the mud. The rain had started faster, and it brought her around with its coolness, quickly. She stared up at me, and her look asked the question what had happened.

"Dead. All of them. Just us, that's all."

She slid around, and realized she was in the mud. It somehow seemed to establish our positions in relation to each other. She knew I was on top, and she was going to have to work to avoid being pushed off the edge of the situation.

And in that moment she lost all her command, all her attractiveness, all her superciliousness... she began to plead, *without saying a word*.

"Wh-Whitey's dead?" she trembled.

I nodded. "Want to tell me the whole thing? Want to tell me what this whole deal was? Why Whitey had to die?"

"Whitey wasn't supposed to die," she said, and hesitated.

I got the meaning. *I* was the one who was supposed to die.

"They were told not to kill the man in the checkered lumberjacket coat... but they must have gotten confused, thought I said they *should*."

That explained why I hadn't been jumped when I'd checked the tarps. They had gotten mixed up, thought I was the one to live. Then when Whitey had changed jackets, given me his, it had switched positions. That was why Whitey was dead, and I was alive.

"Jack. We can... we can still do it! No one knows, nothing's changed. It's still the same. We can say Crawford's men tried to stop us, and you just killed them... and they, they killed Whitey."

My face felt cold and hard and blank. "Tell me the story, Helene. Tell me from the start."

She bit her lip. She didn't want to tell me, but I stood over her there in the mud and she knew she had to tell me. I still held the .22 tightly.

"I insured the roadhouse with an underworld loan shark. He... took the insuring for six hundred... thou-

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sand dollars. I... I knew I couldn't keep the roadhouse going. The city boys would beat me till I sold to them for a quarter of that. So I had my own... my own men wreck the house, and stop us tonight..."

She dragged to a stop, and her eyes opened wider.

She must have seen the look that came over my face.

I understood it all now. Slide Crawford had had nothing whatsoever to do with the deal. When we had gone to the city, she had kept us out of the office so we wouldn't realize Crawford had nothing to do with it. She had probably just talked small talk, then come out and told us he was thumbing down on her operation.

Then she insured the slotters with a shady underworld loanie, and set her men to hijack the truck, making sure they killed me. She knew Whitney would think Crawford's men had done it, and would be so enraged at my death, and so in love with her, he'd swear to anything.

But we'd fouled them up. They had confused their directions and I had run them down. She was to have hauled gun on us only if the necessity arose, and I'd forced that... but Whitney had knocked the gun from her hand and they had given a machine gun to a man who didn't know how to use it.

Whitney had died instead of myself, and now she had a man who hated her, wise to the deal. A man who hated her, not a man who loved her. "It can be the same, Jack. It can be the same!" She was crawling through the mud toward me, and the rain had dripped her hair over her face.

But it hadn't cleaned the blood off her.

"We can tell the loan shark it was Crawford who did it. The cops will blame Crawford. He won't have an alibi for his men. We can take the money and go away, Jack. Anyplace, anyplace at all. Just you and me. I'm beautiful, Jack. I'm beautiful, and I'll be wealthy. You can have it all. Everything... and me, too."

Her voice had risen, and I started down at her.

She had killed a man closer than my brother to satisfy her own greed. I started down at her as she crawled toward me.

I knew I'd have a lot to explain. I knew the cops would ask a lot of strange questions. I wasn't even sure I could get away with that...

I began to kill her right then. It took over an hour.

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The ins and outs of the Free
Breast Movement — Milady's rouged
nipple to the swingers

THE TOPLESS HERITAGE

by Don Shepherd

Like any police force in a large city, San Francisco police have had their share of problems. But recently the citizens of San Francisco have saddled their police force with more than its share of public enemies.

Just a few short months ago, the Golden Gate City's men in blue were called into action against what authorities considered public enemy number one. Indeed, some members of the city thought this particular criminal the most dastardly in the nation — perhaps the world! When the gendarmes arrived, the culprit — still on the scene — surrendered without a struggle.

In sizing up the criminal (which took an inordinate amount of time), it was obvious to the police that they needn't worry about concealed weapons, for their fiendish foe turned out to be a very feminine and attractive topless shoeshine girl. Perhaps the city's authorities breathed easier once the hapless girl had been juggled. If so, it was because they were unaware of the existence of a beautiful blonde by the name of Virginia Kaye.

Virginia seemed to feel that San Francisco's penal code (which declares nudity to be indecent) was a bit nasty and hypocritical. So she decided to test its validity by going — as someone aptly put it — "topless, clear down to her toes."

The setting for Virginia's daring deed was San Francisco's Roaring Twenties nightclub, located on the city's North Shore. Her act consisted of sitting on an ornate swing and literally *swinging* over the heads of a few of the luckier members of the audience. But Virginia had *barely* gotten into the swing of things, when lawmen made an unscheduled appearance and whisked her off in a paddy wagon.

It wasn't long, though, until she and a few other swingers were back and, enlarging on the format, the Roaring Twenties marquee read: "San Francisco's only topless-bottomless Swinger & Nude Revue."

Prior to the topless invasion of the streets and nightclubs, some of San Francisco's more zealous citizens had been fighting tooth and nail with a rather large group of people who insisted upon splashing about in the ocean without bathing garb; this little drama unfolded all too frequently on a desolate stretch of beach about an hour's drive from the heart of the city.

Because of its isolation, however, the citizens finally gave up the struggle, and the "free beach" is now a

condoned part of San Francisco's peripheral life. The struggle had had its weird moments, too. One of them culminated in another "first."

Just before the Free Beach was established, three nude bathing advocates decided to publicize their need for a free beach; they chose the crowded beach at Aquatic Park to bring their advocacy before the public. A crowd of more than one hundred sunbathers looked on in delight as the nude bathing advocates (a man and two women) waded to shore stark naked!

The crowd had witnessed the nation's first wade-in — a first that the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce doesn't boast about in its PR brochures.

Next to San Francisco, New York City is probably the most spectacular of topless cities. Not long ago, patrons of the Gotham City nightclubs could be served by a variety of most unusual topless waitresses. One club boasted of having Batwoman, who was bare from the waist up — except, of course, for her bat mask.

But shortly after Batwoman's appearance, the city outlawed topless waitresses. Undaunted, the girls then took to the bandstand and, using the same costumes that they used as waitresses, they now perform as topless dancers.

Unlike topless entertainers in most cities, the New York City girls made an attempt to organize. When one nightclub began using amateur topless girls, a few of the professional topless entertainers set up daytime picket lines; several of the girls stripped to the waist, and New York City became the home of the nation's first topless picket line.

These are but a few examples of the topless antics that are going on across the nation. Though most of the photos haven't been widely published, the press has been pretty thorough in its coverage of the topless movement. But what is truly amazing is the fact that most people seem to think that toplessness is a twentieth century innovation.

It's not! Today's topless beauties have quite a heritage, for there have been times in the past when man's brushes with the breast have been quite as colorful as ours are today. Consider, for example, the early seventeenth century.

The people in England — at the turn of the seventeenth century — were just recovering from the ruling era of Oliver Cromwell and son. The Cromwells had spawned the idea that there was nothing more vile and vulgar than

a woman's body. This ridiculous notion became so widespread that it became the fashion for a woman to laden herself with layer upon layer of clothing; she wore so many layers that by the time that she had undressed for bed, it was nearly time to get up again.

Fortunately, however, Cromwell was succeeded by Charles the Second. When Charles hit the throne, he let it be known (in no uncertain terms) that he didn't believe in human bondage. One of his first acts was to free the female breast. Yes sir! Not only did the female bodice begin to plunge to unheard of depths, in some circles it was removed completely, and breasts blossomed forth in daring display.

And the women, not content with having a couple of plain old breasts hanging around, and being typically female, soon gave their newly displayed parts the inevitable cosmetic attention. Bare breasts with rouged nipples soon brightened the surroundings of the drab old English pubs.

There is little evidence that the Englishman received his rouge nipped playmate with a big yawn — quite



She dood it: Carole Doda upped her 34 bosom to a whopping 44 by injection, then turned them loose

the reverse seems to have been true. A few generations later we are led to believe that the Englishman was *underwhelmed* at the sight of Jane Russell's 37½-inch bust.

In 1947 the Hollywood film *The Outlaw* was screened at the London Pavilion. As the feminine lead, Jane Russell received the best advanced billing that could be cranked out by Hollywood publicity men. In order to take advantage of every possibility, a press agent arranged to test the psychological reactions of a few members of the English audience

— turn the page

On a swing with the fringe on bottom is Virginia Kaye about to get a warrant of arrest and no place to put it



The tiger is well stuffed and so is the topless lady on top. Left, you see how the cookies bounce at S.F.'s Gay 60's. Above, Rudi Gernreich, who pulled the booboo of designing the topless swimsuit, tries to top it. Below, N.Y.'s Crystal Room pastes up the verdict of trial and Candy Taylor exhibits one and two



with an "emotion meter."

Several British newspaper critics were among those tested; so when Jane lit the screen with her 37½, the Sunday Pictorial critic, Mr. Dick Richards, is supposed to have registered a very warm 28 centimeters on the "emotion meter." The delighted publicity agent trumpeted this as being proof of Miss Russell's sex appeal, until the cynical Mr. Richards hastily pointed out he had registered a much higher reading at the sight of a horse.

Naturally the English emphasized that this was proof of the Englishman's sophistication and that the Englishman is not overly excited with certain areas of the female anatomy as are the Americans who make such a fuss over the female anatomy in their films. To which the average American might well retort that if Mr. Richards got a bigger kick out of seeing a



horse than he did from seeing Jane Russell, then it was Mr. Richards who had the problem, not the average American!

The Outlaw was quite probably one of the sexiest films ever to hit the screen. Certainly it wasn't topped until the early 1960's when Jane Mansfield and Mamie Van Doren opened a few eyes with film footage the likes of which the American public had never seen.

The busiest of all was an early '60's film entitled *Three Nuts in Search of a Bolt*, a black and white film that switched to vivid color during its numerous burlesque scenes (it is still in circulation). The film featured not only the semi-nude antics of Miss Van Doren (including a beer bath scene), but also a collage of burlesque queens whose breast-capades must have caused even the sophisticate to blow

his cool.

The transition from the early puritan attitude that caused our forefathers to look upon the laced female bodice as "the gates of hell" to the breast-capades of burlesque queens and topless dancers has hardly been a smooth one. The American breasts have—quite literally—had their ups and downs throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

In the 1850's, breasts were not in evidence—for two reasons. First, the bra had not yet been invented and second, the bosomy silhouette was just not fashionable. These were the days when women were skin conscious. Afraid of what the sun would do to their complexions, they skulked around in the shade and spent most of their waking hours cultivating a willow, boyish figure.

In fact, they were so hip on willow



The crew of 63,000 ton aircraft carrier *Coral Sea*, were welcomed home to San Francisco after 109 days of 24-hour operation in Vietnam by topless Diana and Sandy with 37's and 39's

figures that there are countless case histories of well-endowed young daughters being marched off to the local doctor to see if medical science had some method of arresting the growth of those horrible chest bumps. Such was the scene in the 1850's.

In the 1870's, it became fashionable to look like a female again. The bra had still not been invented, but this didn't stop the girls who needed to be provided with something other than what nature had endowed. Young ladies began filling in those embarrassing spaces between the anatomy and desire by strapping pads of cotton or of hair to their breasts.

Aside from being very itchy, it was soon discovered that these devices didn't allow for free development. Not only did the breasts become distorted, but also the pads forced the nipples inward. Quite obviously this was a revolting development.

There were, of course, a few more expensive devices on the market—generally made of rubber or of wire—which were fitted over the breasts to lend a swinging silhouette and to allow room for growth, but the gals of modest means had to put up with the less expensive nipple pinchers.

The next stride in bust care came around 1890 when clothing manufacturers came out with the dress "improver." This consisted simply of pockets built into the dress. And while you might think of falsies as a relatively new idea, it's not so. There were the aforementioned cotton and hair pads and, as you may have guessed, the dress "improvers" had secret little pockets of their own, too.

By the turn of the century, the bra had been invented and was widely accepted. Things were really looking up and, except for a brief period around World War I (when the boyish look came back for a few years) the well-stacked silhouette has been here to stay.

From the Twenties on, advertisers have taken advantage of man's interest in the female bosom. Regardless of what the ad-men were hawking—from cigars to books—they always managed to get a couple breasts in the picture, too.

While advertising contributed a great deal toward making Americans bosom conscious, it was probably the sweater that gave impetus to the anatomical awareness on a nationwide scale. This was a most curious phenomenon. Had the "emotion meter" been applied to the pre-World War II American male, while at the same time subjecting him to the charms of a partially clad female bosom, the meter reading would have shot very high.

But subject this same lad to the same bosom encased in a tight fitting sweater, and the meter would pop its little spring. Sweater girls became nationally and internationally famous. In 1943, an official sweater girl (Helen Cyriaks) was chosen from 10,000 entrants, and American GI's were sent countless thousands of pin-up pictures of Hollywood sweater girls Karen Marsh and Marie McDonald.

After the war, the sweater was soon discarded for the more daring lower necklines. And people became more liberal as movies, nightclubs, and burlesque houses paved the way for the topless dancers. The first topless dan-

cer appeared in public about eight years ago.

Today, of course, we have not only topless dancers, but also topless car-hops, topless bathers, topless bar-maids, and most recently, a topless cellist. The cellist, an attractive brunette by the name of Charlotte Moorman, appeared in New York City's 41st Street Theater. Prior to her performance, Miss Moorman announced quite openly that she would be "topless," "bottomless," and "nude" during her performance of the *Opera Sestronique*, an avant-garde work by Korean composer Nam June Paik.

Miss Moorman, an accomplished and serious musician who has played this same opera—as well as the works of the masters—throughout Europe, played the various movements of the musical piece in various stages of undress, but when she finally got down to the bare facts, New York City police took her from the stage and booked her for indecent exposure—despite the fact that she had announced exactly what she was going to do, and the audience, knowing full well what to expect, paid the admission to see her do it.

One could reach farther back in history and cite examples of toplessness in ancient Crete and Egypt, but such examples are unnecessary. It is quite clear that bare breasts have a habit of popping up at various intervals throughout man's history. It's something more than a "fad."

How long will toplessness last? Fashion designer Rudi Gernreich, who is credited with starting the topless trend in fashions with his 1965 topless swimsuit, seems to think that, in our enlightened age, toplessness is here to stay.

In fact, he predicts that in 10 years toplessness will be fashionable in formal, evening, and casual wear, too. He feels that women will demand it!

And if he's right, gentlemen, even in our public streets the breast is yet to come!

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Backlash, from page 48

ardently against me.

I mumbled a reply into the perfumed crook of her neck and shoulder and reached for the tie of her bikini top.

"How would you like to own 'Mako II' again, Johnny...?"

"If you want to tease me, doll, let's do it this way..." I opened the little white cotton bow, leaned back and watched the skimpy top slide into her lap.

"But I'm not teasing, Johnny, I mean it." She was suddenly oblivious to my cupping hands. "Legal niceties aside, it's really your boat, isn't it?"

It was mine all right. It had been mine, at least as an inspiration, from the very first time I'd seen the late Sir Malcolm Campbell's jet boat.

Campbell had had the right idea but, I'd thought even then, the wrong approach. I'd grown up on the Galveston waterfront and knew boats. And over the years I'd discovered I had more than a little talent for designing and building. More than one Johnny Nash Special had copped the trophy in a blue water run. Outboards or inboards, one or two man shells—you name it. Crash helmets, Mae Wests, and high-speed "skimmers" were my meat!

So I started spending my nights at a drawing-board, and my days hitting up the big oil companies. If I pulled it off, there'd be a million bucks worth of publicity in it for them, and a million bucks, period, for me. It took some doing, but at last I had me 200 square feet of a Galveston boatyard, plans, tools and materials, and enough backers to get started.

"Mako II," like Campbell's boat, was jet powered. But while his had been built on a more or less conventional hull, mine was a marriage between a shallow-draft catamaran and a high-speed hydro-foil. Her cockpit and engine were mounted on a broad bit of decking that spanned the gap between two hulls—hulls as sleek and trim as a pair of Mako sharks. Which was why I called her "Mako (for the sharks) II (for her twin hulls)".

Besides her odd configuration, she was functionally odd, too. Hydro-foil planes, fore and aft, would lift her hulls clear of the water, balancing her right on the surface, as she almost literally flew along in a high-speed run. She was a different animal, all right, but she'd take two "tamers" to handle her, one to man the helm and throttle, the other to pilot the hydro-foil gear. And two jockeys, along with everything else, made for a kind of hairy safety situation. So, not wanting to

end up like Sir Malcolm, I'd designed and installed another little gadget—a capsule seat ejection system. If, by some remote chance, "Mako II" did start breaking up on a speed-run, her jockeys, each in his own little crash-padded capsule, would pop free of her and splash down like oversized ping-pong balls.

I hoped.

Anyway, "Mako II" was about half finished, when labor troubles and a couple of spooked sponsors put the brakes on everything—leaving me high and dry on top of a mountain of lawsuits. About \$200,000 worth. That was when the Great Dilettante, Carter Lawrence, made the scene. He had this thing about being "the fastest man on water," so he grabbed the tab for it all. A very groovy deal, on the surface—he just wanted the headlines; I could have the loot. Trouble was, I'd never been big for reading. Especially contracts. It wasn't until too late that I discovered he hadn't made an investment, he'd made a "loan." And until I somehow paid off the loan, he owned it all. The boat, its patents and designs. Even me!

"Well, Johnny..." Terry's voice once more brought me back to earth. "How about it?"

My hands forgot what they had been doing to her. "How about what?" I said, a little stupidly.

"'Mako II.' It would be great, wouldn't it, if she was legally yours again?"

It took me several seconds before I could say, "Just what did you have in mind?"

"An accident?" she said, almost innocently. "A very bad accident...? I look rather good in black, you know..."

Kill Carter Lawrence? The idea was incredible. And, yet, I found myself toying with the question detachedly. Hell, hadn't I wished the bastard dead more than once?

"It would be so nice, Johnny." Now Terry's hands were moving, doing lazy, teasing things to me. "Just the two of us, you and me... and, of course, all of Carter's lovely money."

"Bad accidents aren't easy to come by," I heard myself saying.

"Oh, but you're so clever, Johnny, so very clever." She paused, then added, "What if something happened tomorrow? On the speed run?"

"Wreck 'Mako II'?"

"Calm yourself, Lover..." Her hand pulled open the tie of her bikini bottom, then reached for my belt. "The minute I'm—" she grinned a feline grin—"the Widow Lawrence, I can



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For several seconds, I couldn't
speak. And not because we were re-
clining side by side on the old leather
couch. The power of speech was
jammed somewhere down inside my
mind, caught in a back eddy of
conflicting thoughts. Kill Carter? Sure,
why not? And the boat? Forget it.
Build another. But what about Carter's
co-jockey, the innocent guy who'd be
riding with him...?

"What do you say, Lover?" Terry's
voice was a hot murmuring against
my mouth.

"We're talking about murder,
Sweets. That—well, that takes some
tal deciding..."

"Sure, darling. Mama understands."
Her hips moved tauntingly against me,
and her hand, caressingly. "Take your
time, Lover. Think about it. Think
about it good... about how he's
used you and cheated you, and how
much you hate his guts..." Her voice
was a low throatiness now, whisper-
ing words of hate as if they were lov-
ers' pleas, as her thigh insinuated it-
self under mine, inviting me to domi-
nate her from above. "And, while
you're at it, Johnny," she was saying,
"think about us, too. Together, al-
ways. Like this..."

Her mouth was on mine then. Moist
and warm and mobile. And her mag-
nificent, golden body began to stir
beneath me, exciting my drug-like
hunger for her, even as it was already
starting to gratify it.

They say there's an invisible little
man who looks out for drunks
and damned fools. Drunk we weren't,
but Terry and I had been damned
fools to go at it right there in the pier
shack where anyone could've walked
right in on us. Fortunately, that little
man must've been on duty.

We were both dressed, and I'd in-
terrupted my post-organic broodings
about murder long enough to pour us
a drink, when the pounding came at
the door.

"Nash? You in there?"
It was the gentle voice of ol' Mas-
suh Lawrence.

My eyes must've popped some, be-
cause Terry gave me a little frown
and shook her head remonstratively.
Then, with perfect aplomb, she lighted
her beautiful face with innocence and
called out, "Come right in, Carter
darling."

He came in all right. Big and dark
and massive, he made me think of a
bull entering the arena. His narrowed
gaze told me he wasn't exactly pleased

—turn the page

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Backlash, from page 69

to find his wife there.

"Just drinking a little toast, darling," Terry lifted her paper cup and smiled sweetly at him. "To the run tomorrow."

"I told you to wait in the car," Lawrence said, glaring at her.

"And I told you I was going to take a swim!"

"I don't see any pool in here."

"I just stopped in to say hi to Johnny. Anything wrong in that?"

"No," He grinned suddenly, then gave her a short, dirty laugh. "Not at all." He turned to me. "Bet you wish all the broads would say hi the way she does, eh, Genius?"

"Back off, Lawrence," I snapped. "If you're trying to say that I'd—"

"—bed another man's wife?" he finished. "Why, hell no, Bright Eyes. Not if she's a halfway decent broad, that is... Instead of some two-bit whore I was dumb enough to pick up in a New York gin mill!"

"Decent?" Terry was on her feet, the paper cup mashed in her fist. "You got the guts to talk about decency? Maybe if you were halfway decent in the sack, I—"

"Slut!" he growled. "Coddam pig! When in hell are you going to get used to living like a lady?"

She laughed, suddenly and shrilly. Then a knowing little grin crossed her face. She glanced at me, then turned to him. "Carter, darling," she purred. "Maybe, just maybe, if I'm real, real lucky—you'll break your friggin' neck tomorrow. Then, darling, I'll get very used to it..."

You could hear the water cooler muttering, as Lawrence stood there, his fists balling and unballing at his sides. Somehow, he fought it down, turned to me, and fished a folded paper from his breast pocket.

"Here, Egghead," he said. "Look at this."

I looked. It was a copy of his latest test run check list. I looked up. "So?"

"So, read it, Einstein! Read the damned thing!" He shook his head slowly. "Christ, how did I ever get mixed up with a stupid wharf rat like you, anyway?"

It took a second to decide whether to read the check list or belt him in the mouth. I don't know why, but I decided to read. He had pushed "Mako II" up to the three-hundred mark and...

"So, you got some vibration, so what? That's to be expected."

"Along both hulls, sure. But just in the left one? You built me a piece of crap, Mister! Junk—that'll start com-

ing apart before it even ties the record, much less beats it!" He gave me that slow head shake bit, again. "You dumb son of a bitch. You stupid—I!"

My hand was suddenly clutching the front of his coveralls, neck high. "One more word," I said. "Go ahead, just one..."

Slowly, he looked from my hand to my eyes. "No," he said, grinning smugly. "You go ahead, Genius. You want to hit me? I could probably break you in two, but I won't. So, hit, already..."

My fingers uncurled and slid away from his neck. Sure, hit him, I told myself. Hit him and see what happens. Aside from the fact that I'd be a million years sweating out the two-hundred grand I owed him, Carter Lawrence and his connections would fix it so I'd never get within hailing distance of any kind of boat again. Not even a plastic one in a bathtub. He had it in me, way in me. And he'd just love turning the handle.

If I'd hated him before, there wasn't a word for what I felt now. I looked up and saw Terry. Carter had made her point with me, and the slight arch of her left brow told me she knew it.

I turned away, crossed over to the old rolltop desk where I kept the spee sheets for "Mako II," took them out, and started going over the hull data.

Then I saw it—the reason for the vibration. And something else, too. I'd have to slide rule the whole thing to be sure, but it looked like maybe there was a flaw in the left hull. Nothing real bad. Nothing that couldn't be fixed in time for the run tomorrow...

If I wanted to fix it, of course.

Funny, I thought, how sometimes "bad accidents" turn up made to order.

I turned around and studied Lawrence for a second. "I think I'd better be your co-jockey tomorrow," I said.

He grunted. "Got to see for yourself, eh, Einstein?" He shrugged. "Suit yourself."

He turned, then, and snagging Terry's arm he herded her towards the door. He paused with it open. "I'm going to love seeing the look on your face," he said, "when that precious piece of junk of yours starts shedding parts all over the bay."

I waited until they were gone, then half-aloud I said, "Hate to deprive you of that pleasure, old pal."

Tomorrow, I had of course decided, I was going to kill Carter Lawrence.

It was hot, again. A bright sun glared down through "Mako II's" canopy, as the jet whine began to fill

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its cockpit with sound.

His broad, massive hands skipping
over the console controls between our
seats, Lawrence sat to my left, urging
the boat into its build-up run through
the long stretch of water that lay
between us and the first marker-buoy
of the measured mile. I felt lost in my
own seat, lost and so God-damned
alone. And inside my coveralls, snuggled
under my pants belt, the knife I was
carrying felt as thick as a barber pole.

Lawrence shoved the throttle still
wider, and the shoreline far to my
right moved past in one long blur. I
glanced at Lawrence, but his face was
hidden, shadowed by his crash helmet
and the big collar of his Mae West.
Nonetheless, I could see his eyes glint-
ing with great satisfaction.

Get your kicks now, elum, I thought;
there won't be any later.

It would take some split second
timing, but my plan was basically sim-
ple. Rechecking the hull data, I'd
found what I'd suspected. A "bug" in
one of the servicing plates in the left
forward hydro-foil of the portside hull.
A hairline too much tolerance in its
fit. At low speeds, it meant nothing.
But up around three-oh-oh it would
act like a microscopic water scoop. As
the speed increased, water under in-
credibly high pressure would begin
shooting in and, through the tubular
supports connecting the foil to the
hull, begin compressing the air in-
side that hull. At exactly three-four-
eight, said my slide rule, the pressure,
together with the vibration, would
pop the hull like an over-roasted wien-
ie, slewing "Mako II" into a sub-
sonic cartwheel that would scatter her
parts to hell and gone!

But an instant before she popped,
I'd be slipping my hidden shove into
Mr. Ego's ribs, blowing the canopy
and ejecting. The knife would go first
with me, then to the bottom of Cal-
veston Bay. If and when they found
what was left of Lawrence, the knife-
wound would be just another slash in
a badly battered corpse. Someone
might ask why he didn't eject, too.
But if they did—well, he waited too
long, I guess. Who could prove he
didn't? And, of course, there'd be an
official investigation. Coast Guard,
probably. Which would dramatically
reveal the "unforeseen" design flaw
that caused the tragic death of the fa-
mous international playboy, Carter
Lawrence.

Terry, sweet Terry, would be mine.
And so would "Mako II". . .

Or rather, so would "Mako II The
— turn the page

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Second."

I was concentrating, now, on the hydro-foil controls, balancing the boat, its hulls clear of the water, on the foils planes just beneath the surface, while Lawrence pushed her along faster and faster, but I kept the instrument panel in the periphery of my vision. Especially the air speed indicator, a gadget I'd adapted from a jet plane. It wasn't as precise as the radar timer on shore that would clock our run, but its error was small enough to tell me what I would want to know. When it reached three-four-seven I would reach for the knife.

It was reading two-nine-five...

A sudden giddiness hit me, settling in my gut as a faint nausea, and sweat started forming on my brow. Cool it, I told myself; a minute more, and it'll be finished.

It was reading three-oh-oh...

The vibration started, shuddering along the port side like a chill, and a vague, disturbing feeling—a feeling that I'd forgotten something—began to nag me.

It was reading three-two-five...

What was it; what had I forgotten? —the questions ripped suddenly at my mind, sending it back over every pre-conceived detail. What...?

Then, as the speed touched three-four-four, I knew what it was.

It was a simple thing. And crushing, as simple things often are. My guts dissolved, turned to water and ran completely out of me. I wanted to cry, but instead I laughed. An inward, silent, hollow, mirthless laugh. The laugh, I guess, of folly realized.

I couldn't kill.

Not Lawrence, not anyone.

I could hate. Enough to want to kill. I could wish that rotten bastard dead a million times over. But the savage primitive, the atavistic killer-beast within me, was too well bound by the chains of morality, or social conditioning, or whatever. And I could not kill!

My hand shot out to close the throttle—just as the speed touched three-four-eight.

They say it's adrenalin that does it, that in a moment that hangs threadlike between life and death, you get so pumped full of the stuff that all your reactions go hyper-sonic and cockeyed.

I remember there was a loud explosion, like a bomb going off, to my left. Then all sounds ceased. All sound and feeling. And there was only sight, recording things like a slow-motion camera. Everything happened in an instant, I know, but it seemed like a small eternity.

The left hull was still bursting, as I looked toward the last sound, opening like a huge metal blossom, folding back and leisurely shearing its way through the canopy. I remember thinking, as a shard of jagged metal cleaved Lawrence's skull like a knife going through a hard-boiled egg—I remember thinking how badly I'd miscalculated the force of the hull's internal pressure. And, as the slipstream, coming through the shattered canopy like a slow-motion hurricane, splattered his blood all over me, I felt a deep, soul-wrenching pity for him because of my miscalculation.

Then, slowly it seemed, ever so slowly, the boat began to heel, then pitch to the portside. And my hand took hours to reach and press my ejection stud. The capsule closed leisurely about me, and I felt myself sinking deep into the seat. A grayness turned to blackness, as the force of ejection drained the blood from my brain. And when the blackness cleared, I was slowly tumbling in a high parabola far above the water.

Below me, all that remained of "Mako II" and Carter Lawrence was a mile-long oil-slick burning fiercely on the still waters of the bay.

It was hot outside. A big, cop-pery sun was riding low over the city. But it was cool inside the air-conditioned hotel suite.

A vodka Collins waiting for her on a low cocktail table, Terry Lawrence sat half-reclining on a wide, satiated couch, her ripe, golden body all but nude in its filmy, white negligee, a phone receiver buried in her long, silver blonde hair. Her voice, when she spoke into the phone, was appropriately mournful, breaking occasionally with tiny catches. At length, she said goodbye and hung up.

"You know, Johnny darling, I always thought lawyers were supposed to be brisk and businesslike. But they can be quite gentle, really." Her tone, now, was light, almost gay. "A bedside manner, sort of, I suppose." She suppressed a giggle. "Reserved for talking to clients' widows."

I grunted, then stood up and started pacing.

"Poor Johnny," she said, almost as if she meant it. "Poor, poor darling. I know how trying this must be for you. It's not every day that you kill someone and—"

"I didn't kill him!" I shouted. "How many times do I have to tell you? It was an accident, an honest-to-God accident! The hull—!"

"Of course, Lover," she interrupted.

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"Mama understands . . . The question is, though, would the Coast Guard?"
 "Why the hell shouldn't they?"

"Because you knew about that servicing plate beforehand . . . ?"

"No . . . but I could."

My face felt suddenly hot. "You mean you'd—?"

"Of course not, Lover. Not as long as you don't make waves."

"Careful, Johnny." Her green eyes

went suddenly cold and icy. "You know how easily upset I get." She took a sip of her collins, and her eyes went suddenly warm again. "Johnny, Johnny, why don't you relax. Carter's dead, isn't he? No matter how it happened. And now I have all that gorgeous money—thanks to you, Lover."

There was sudden truth in what she said. No matter how you look at it, Carter Lawrence was dead because of me.

"And really, Johnny darling, I'm very grateful to you," she was saying. "If you really want to, I might even let you build another boat . . . someday." She caught the tie of her negligee and held it toward me. "Meanwhile, Lover, Mama has other presents for you. Why not come over here and unwrap them, hmmmm . . . ?"

They say it's possible, in some weird fashion, to stand aside, at times, and watch and hear yourself do and say certain things.

I stood aside and watched Johnny Nash cross the room like some kind of zombie. What the hell, I heard him tell himself, she's right. Lawrence is dead and "Mako II" is finished. So what? You've got what any man would give an arm for — a gorgeous sex machine, and God only knows how much dough.

I heard him say it, but I knew better.

I knew that Johnny Nash had been caught in the backlash of his own ambition. That he had blinded himself with wanting his dreams and illusions to be real. That, as a consequence, he had let himself be used by a parallel greed, by the now naked silver blonde who was embracing him, using him in yet another way to gratify yet another of her greeds . . .

And I knew that Johnny Nash would see that acid truth about himself, and never be able to bury it. He wouldn't be able to, because I wouldn't let him.

Each time he saw himself reflected in a mirror, or a window, or in still, placid water, I would be there.

To remind him . . .

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STRIPPER TELLS ABOUT IT

WE ASKED Diana Denning, currently working at THE BAT'S CAVE in Los Angeles, what it was like to be a stripper. She paused long enough to wrap a flimsy gown around her lovely nut-brown skin, and smiled her coquettish smile. "It's work, but I love it," she told us. "The guys out there are the greatest, though now and then you get a sucker who thinks you're stripping for him alone and gets a little rough with his propositions. When I see that type, I just toss him a souvenir (it has been 34-21-35 around her) and tell him my steady wrestles at the Legion."

"Of course," she went on, "I really don't know any wrestlers, but I date plenty of guys who look like they are. I like a physical type who's a man first and a lover second."



When she begins to unwrap, Diana brings back fond memories of a cherry lollipop!

"And I'm not saying that I don't strip for one guy in the audience — sometimes I do. But there's a difference between a sucker and an all-night type, and if you don't know the difference you're probably the sucker."

So if you're in the audience some night and Diana is playing just to you, don't be an all-night sucker. 🍭







Crunch . . . slap . . . snuffle . . . sizz . . . twang . . . whack . . . and so on, but wait
till you see the script for the second quarter!

AND THE DERBY KEEPS ROLLING ALONG

by Howard Arthur



Mr. Reginald Douppert
Program Director
KJJY-TV
Hollywood, California
90046

Dear Reggie:

About that script for the July 2nd Roller Skating Championships. I'm running into all kinds of problems on it, which is the reason you haven't seen it yet. I realize that the contract calls for delivery of the final shooting script by May 15th, but I've got to tell you that it's going to be all but impossible for me to deliver by then.

Mainly, it's a matter of reorganizing the blocking situations and the fights.

The sponsors still feel that we should let the Cincinnati Wheels take the crown away from our L.A. Back Blammers, but they sure didn't go for the idea of a twenty point cop-out. Julius Frenetti, Karrppo Soups' tiger-by-the-tail PR boy, all but

— turn the page

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Derby, from page 79

burned up the telephone wires when he heard about the 20 points. So screw it, I told him; we'll make it four points instead. You'd think that that would have satisfied him, but it seems nothing ever would. But seeing as how he's the big spoke over there we simply have to play along with those insane outbursts of his. Anyway, this little thing is ironed out, finally, and what I really wanted to tell you about was the blocking and rough stuff.

Tuffy Moreno (that 180 pound dream girl for the Wheels) is bitching about having to get knocked around again by Shirley Macks. She told me yesterday on the phone that after the April 9th Chicago game her boobies were so goddamn sore from all that elbowing and forearm stuff she couldn't make love to her boyfriend for two weeks. The "regular way," as she put it. So she says to me, and these are her very words: "Marty, you rotten bastard, if you put me in one of those roles again I'll show you how a few elbows feel." Wasn't much I could do but tell her that we'll write in some heavy scoring for her. And, now that I think about it, that was probably a mistake. Not only do I have to rewrite her part, but I'll have to slip in alternations for *everyone*. She's so fat she can't hardly make it around the track, let alone catch up to the pack and *then* try to get through. But you know how much loot her old man has invested in KJYY commercials for that used car lot of his, and I suggest we go along with her even if it means redoing the second quarter of the game and writing in slow-downs for everyone else so she can get her blubber butt around the rink for ten points or so. Before I change anything, though, I'd like to know what you think about it.

Then there's Jose Jose. I'd never guessed it from the little guy, but he actually digs getting those roller skates shoved into his gut. Christ! When I first wrote that scene where he gets thrown out of the rink (last March, I think it was, during the preliminaries at St. Louis) I thought he'd drop his load when he read it. As a matter of fact, he looked as though he was in a state of shock that night because he did stand a pretty good chance of having a couple of ribs or something broken if he went through with it. But, like I say, he really goes for it now, and so instead of having Red Helseine and Johnny Ortega of the Wheels work him over by running him into the rails, we'll just set up the play where Helseine gets him in a neck lock and then Ortega can get up a little speed and throw a good,

solid *sabot* into his chest. The problem here is that we'll probably have to clear it through the track physician, and if I know Doc Chandler he'll nix it. Jose might be put out for a game or two if Ortego really lets him have it, but hell, think of the audience response we'll get in the process. So what I want to know from you is if it's okay to make a special deal with the three of these guys on the side and not even put the action into the script. I know this is frowned upon by the RSC officials, but we have to know of the box office, right? Lemme know.

I'll write in another all-out fight between Johnson and Mantz in the fourth quarter as usual. I think you ought to talk to Mantz, however. Did you know he's been getting so heated up in those brawls that he actually went out and bought a pair of flesh-colored brass knuckles which he'll be carrying to the next game? Barbara Schwartz told me about it just yesterday (she's nutty over Johnson you know; even if he does skate for the Wheels). All I want to be sure about is that no one gets hurt *really* bad. A broken arm or a couple of teeth knocked out is all right by me, but sometimes things get just a little too rough, and you know how responsible I feel towards all those hard working people. I mean, it's a hell of a way to make a living, right?

Oh yeah, I want you to know that the blocking situations are really going to have some class this time. I realize how extremely clever I was about everything the last few times, but wait until you see what I have in store now! That, as I've been telling you, is one of the main reasons why there's a big hang-up on the script. Somehow I feel I should just surprise you, but I know how desperately you've been looking forward to getting the script and I suppose I'll have to tell you anyway, just to give you a little more patience. What I've got in mind is stealing most of the material from—you'd never have guessed it, sweetheart—the United Wrestlers Association!

And believe me, Reggie baby, those boys know what they're doing.

At's about it for the moment. Look forward to seeing an outline this week, a treatment the following Monday, and then a first draft around the 20th. This may take a little extra time, Reggie, but, brother, it's going to be good.

All Best,

Marty Paramo

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DEAR ADAM



ALTHEA AGAIN

If it takes the giving up of "Ask Althea" to get more pictures of Linda Weston doing her yoga sex exercises, great! But may I ask why in all of your new color editions (Adam 11-7 through 11-9) "Ask Althea" has been missing from ADAM?

It was a thoroughly new and interesting column and binds in this great magazine.

T. D. Wight
 Hemetville, N.Y.

We liked Althea and her columns too, and are still trying to convince her to come back and resume but the correspondence got to be too much for her to handle and, frankly, we can't blame her if she wants to have a little leisure now and then. Her regular work keeps her busy all week long.

MARRIAGE A BOON

My husband and I have just recently moved to Homestead, Florida, because of military obligations. I had read that Florida had beautiful beaches where one could lie out in the sun nude without being bothered but as yet have found none. My husband and I are very interested in joining a nudist colony and heard that there was one near by. As yet it seems to be a rumor. So, since we are fans of your magazine, we hoped you could be of some help.

Having lived a fairly sheltered life in Arizona, we have hoped to "break loose" and relieve some anxieties and tensions we've been so inquisitive and curious about. Is there such a thing for an N.C.O. in the Air Force in Florida?

While I'm at this, I'm curious to know why most of your lovely models are young and unmarried. Have you ever thought of the idea of getting some married gals as models in your magazine? There are many husbands who are quite proud of their wives and wouldn't mind letting everyone know it.

Because someone is married does not mean they lose their sexual appeal to men. Many women have a sophisticated alluring sex appeal that attracts many men. They are also experienced.

I'm hoping to hear from you soon. Thank you for your interesting magazine and keep up the good work.

Mrs. Jeanne Feist
 Homestead, Florida

We are delighted with your interest in ADAM and wish we could help you locate the beach of your choice. Our suggestion is that you write to one of the nudist magazines (there are some advertised in ADAM). We're sure that they will have the information you desire.

Believe us, we have nothing against married girls and will gladly feature them if available. The plain truth is that most husbands prefer to keep their wives under wraps. We'll let you have all the exceptions we run across.

Lots of luck and fun in your new life.

HE LIKES THEM BETTER

Congratulations on featuring Miss Sharon Church as Adam's Eve (Adam 11-9). With girls such as Sharon, you are featuring girls lovelier (and, of course, sexier) than some shown in Playboy.

Also special congratulations are due for presenting the lovely Miss Debbie Moore. You deserve much credit for this enlightened move. Please consider presenting other attractive Negro girls. They don't need to have bleached hair to be attractive, you know!

A new fan,
 Kankakee, Ill.

If they are good looking girls we'll print them, you bet your life!

MYSTERY ABOUT A MYSTERY

Would you please clear up a point for me from two of your articles in ADAM, both by Mr. Walter Jarrett. In ADAM BEDSIDE READER #22, the story "Ghosts: Real or Hoaxes?" tells that the Bell Ghost of Tennessee was jealous of the fifth child, a girl, and would not let anyone near her. It goes on to say that she suddenly died in her late teens.

In ADAM 11-6, the story "The Bell Ghost of Tennessee" recounts the fact that the family had five children and that a girl, Elizabeth, was the center of its attraction. The girl, however, lives to her eighties (page 24) and the only person the ghost helps kill is the father.

Please help clear up this point. Will look for your reply in your fine magazine.

Donald Wootton
 Baltimore, Maryland

We have written Mr. Jarrett about this but haven't heard from him since. It would seem to us that the two stories stem from different sources, rumors being what they are, and that some people tell the story one way and some the other.

WHAT IS THE GOOD WORD?

Have just finished reading Robert Knox's article "What's the Good Word?" (ADAM 11 #7) and was delighted to find out that at one time the word he refers to was used in polite society. It makes you wonder, when you encounter a real square who is shocked by its use, or an old matron who would probably faint if you used it in her presence, just how much knowledge they have. Don't they know their ignorance is showing?

Three cheers to you for giving all of us a great weapon to use against prudies.

John Berkeley
 New Orleans

Amen, John, and the less said the better. Or as it says in the good book, "render unto Caesar..."

WRITER WRITES BACK

At the risk of pinning medals on a rival's chest, I cannot pass up the opportunity while sending you a fiction piece, to mention that I haven't laughed so much in years as I did when reading Gillian Dow's masterly effort, "What's the Worst Thing You Ever Done?"

George B. Aylward
 Gilliwack, B.C.

Mr. Dow was taking a bath in "Grease-dick" beer when he phoned the congratulatory news and his reply was drowned out in the noise of the foam bursting in air.



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That's her in the picture, and it's all her! She'll be bursting out of the pages of our next issue.

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Exclusive photos from Stella's latest film are reminiscent of Monroe at her greatest — so prepare yourself for the newest and most enticingly elegant Stella.



IN THIS ISSUE: The flower boat girls of 19th century China entertain their gentlemen callers (p. 14)...sex takes a slide to the bottom (p. 54)...bared bosoms are declared legal (p. 64)...and readers are given instructions for assembling a nudist kit (p. 32)